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## SOME TALK OF FERINDONALD

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### Introductory poem:

When the Munros came sailing in,  
Sailing in, sailing,  
And saw the land before them there  
That would be Fearan Domhnuill,  
The firth's green wave, the sunny day,  
Spring's last snow, high and far away,  
White on Uais, far away,  
And they sailing, sailing,  
And we sailing, sailing.

See, said we, a goodly land,  
Worthy home for our roving band  
At end of long, long sailing.

And who to be our first and chief  
In that wide and goodly land?  
He who first shall lay a hand  
On the sand there, on the strand,  
He who first shall touch the strand  
At the end of sailing.

Racing bows now shear a way  
Through green wave and showering spray  
Over the shallows bow and bow  
Riding high, plunging low,  
Racing bow by racing bow.

See! one lifts his gloaming blade,  
On the bench his left hand laid:  
Falls the blade.  
And he flings the bleeding hand  
Out before us on the strand.

Of the ancient princely line,  
Domhnuill, hail! The chiefship thine.

So the story from of old  
Round the evening peat-fires told  
In pleasant Fearan Domhnuill,  
Of that day when we came sailing,  
Sailing in, sailing,  
When we Munros came sailing in,  
Sailing.

I got the above legend in 1954, from Miss Jeannie Duff, a native of Evanton who had lived all her days there, and whose mother was a Munro. It is possible that this is the first time it has been put into writing.

#### Geology

The geologists tell us, that long ago, before the Ice Ages, Ferindonald presented an aspect very different from that with which we are today familiar. The mountains were much higher; the basins which now contain Loch Morie and Loch Glass did not exist; the floor of Glenglass was on a level considerably higher than it is now. That remarkable feature, the Black Rock, was missing. It is likely that a river, having its source on the northern side of Ben Wyvis, flowed across the Drumore ridge to join the Skiach. The climate changed; a polar breath drove the animals, and man if he too wandered here, far to the south; vegetation died out; and an ice-sheet, thousands of feet thick, hid the land. In its movements, it sheared away hilltops, smoothed uneven slopes, scooped deep hollows in the rock. When it withdrew - eight thousand years ago, it is estimated - it left the country in appearance practically as it is today.

But it must be said, that the Black Rock was still missing. Glenglass contained a vast lake, whence a river poured along a hollow between Drumore and the Assynt slope. The watercourse grew deeper and ever deeper as the torrent wore away the soft rock; at last the chasm became as it is today, and the lake was no more.

The warmer weather, which defeated the ice, made it possible for vegetation again to flourish. Then came animals; then came man.

A crude fellow, this man, a savage; but through the slow patient years moving towards better things, building a civilization. What little we know of him we have to glean from the general pre-history of the race; we talk of a stone age, a bronze age, an iron age. In his later development -from three to two thousand years ago, we may say - he set his memorials upon the face of the land. He built

great cairns here and there, places of burial doubtless. He erected an open-air temple at Clare, another at Woodlands. That at Clare is still there, some of the great stones have fallen and some are askew; that at Woodlands was destroyed within this century, which was a pity. On a slope on Blackhill Farm lies a stone slab, curiously marked; it bears what are known to the antiquarian as cup-marks. Was this anciently a stone of sacrifice? Were those marks designed to hold the blood of victims, animal, human? These are questions to which the antiquarian does not venture an answer.

Years, centuries, went by. Perhaps it was during those centuries that a battle took place by Skiach side, below Katewell; tradition says that weapons were dug up there, hence there must have been a battle. How many battles, skirmishes, events of major and of minor import, took place throughout those unrecorded years? Only the circle and the cairns and the carved slab on Blackhill are there to tell us of that past; and they say little.

565 A.D. In this year Ferindonald is on the threshold of history; in this year Columba, missionary and saint, visits the court of Brude, king of the northern Picts, at Inverness. The new faith, coming in from the south, is shortly to overcome and replace the old.

#### Churches and Chapels

The open-air temples were deserted. Churches were built in appropriate places. The Gaels called their chapel "cill"; so that we know the whereabouts of those chapels by the name which come to be attached to the site. Kilbride is on the shore by Waterloo; a mound marks the spot. This was Bride's Church, a church dedicated to St. Bride. Kilchoan was the old name of Mountrich; Choan is a corruption or a euphonism of Congan. Kildey (.dey is pronounced as di in our English word dine) is a place on the Lamlair side of the boundary between that farm and Blackhill, where the road from Clare used to pass; dey seems to be the Gaelic Dia, God, or De, the genitive; so that God's Church stood hereabouts.

Kiltearn we all know; the saint concerned is uncertain, but according to Professor Watson "the most possible explanation is a dedication to Tighernach." The three saints named are Celtic, so the site-names indicate that those were the earlier churches, ere the Celtic church came under the sway of Rome; as also likely was Kildey. Kildermorie, the remaining known church site in Ferindonald, refers to Moire, Mary, and the name indicates it to be later.

St. Curitan, who is understood to have come to Rosemarkie towards the end of the seventh century, is commemorated by Cladh Churadain (cladh, Gaelic, a graveyard) on Assynt farm. It may be that there was also a church here.

Later the area was divided into parishes - Lamlair, Kiltearn, and Alness. Lamlair parish was merged in that of Kiltearn at the Reformation.

It is highly probable that the Norsemen had raided the shores of Cromarty Firth, and availed themselves of the shelter of the Firth in stormy weather, centuries before the arrival of Christianity. By the end of the ninth century those Vikings had a substantial kingdom in Orkney and the Hebrides, and were beginning to settle on the mainland. Ere long they had taken possession of much of the north, and it is well known that Dingwall (Thing-vollr, Field of the Thing) was one of their seats. Their sway in the North of Scotland and the Hebrides lasted for three centuries; they were finally overthrown at the battle of Largs in 1263. It may be assumed that they inter-married to some extent with the native Picts, so that a Norse strain must remain in the Highland blood. But it is in place-names that they made their most evident mark on the country. Ferindonald bears this permanent impress in Assynt (ass, rocky ridge, endi, end), Swordale (swordr, sword, dalr, dale), Katewell (kvi, fold, dalr, dale). Fyrish might be from fura, or fyri, pine-tree, but Professor Watson came to the conclusion that a Pictish origin was more likely. It is about this time that we begin to ask, whence the Munros.

#### Clan Munro

The author of the History of the Munros has gone into the matter and summed up the findings of the various authorities so fully that nothing remains to be added.

The earliest legend concerning the Munros is that which finds a place at the head of this paper. The story has probably as much truth in it as is in the general run of legends; but the writer has an unconfirmable suspicion that it has been told in other circumstances. Leaving out of consideration the matter of the severed hand, however, we are still left with the tradition that the Munros were immigrants. What, then, happened to the earlier inhabitants?

If indeed a party of strangers, who called themselves Munros, or were later to assume that name, came in and seized the district, even in face of resistance, they would not have killed all the natives; some would have survived, to be slaves, or even to be permitted to occupy less fertile portions; and in course of time these would be absorbed in the clan. So that the Munros of later times could look to an incoming band of conquerors for their genealogy, and also see their lineage extending back for many centuries, among the people who had over long generations watched the erosion of the Black Rock, and had, less distantly, raised the stones on the moor of Clare.

It is agreed that the territory now comprised in the parishes of Kiltarn and Alness was the Munro country in those early days: it was called Fearann-Domhnuill, which we English speakers are content to render Ferindonald. The

meaning of the Gaelic is Donald's Land; Donald is understood to be the first of the Foulis Munros, the first chief of the clan after its occupation of the country.

Later, both the Foulis family, and cadet branches, appear in possession of places far beyond the Ferindonald limits. This spread was generally in an easterly direction, but some ground was also held on the West Coast. At first those properties were obtained by charter from the overlord, the Earl of Ross; later, directly from the monarchy. The Munros were always "sound", loyal to the crown; such grants were in recognition of this, and for services rendered. This was, of course, the feudal system in action. We are left to guess why the previous owners were dispossessed, and what may have been their fate.

There were a goodly number of towers in Scotland in those days; and Ferindonald had its good share. The tower of Foulis, the residence of the chief, was built about 1154 by the third Baron. The minor lairds, his vassals, would have had each one his own. Of a few we have evidence in the old charters.

There was one in Strath Skiach, one at Ardoch, one at Contuilich. There was one at Badgarvie, a name which is forgotten, but it was apparently in the vicinity of Katewell. Balconie belonged to the Earls of Ross; Professor Watson says the name is based on bailc, strong, and "the meaning cannot be other than 'the strong place'." Most of the old towers are gone; such as may remain have been improved to such a degree that they bear no resemblance to the original. But we can see what they looked like, more or less, if we look across the firth to the old square keep, Castle Craig.

Castle Craig was Church property, and reminds us that in those days the Church was a very wealthy institution. It owned no mean share of Ferindonald. In 1584 Robert Mor, the fifteenth Baron, obtained from the Bishop of Ross the "lands of Lamlair, Pellaig, Wester Glens, and Muckle Boitt." This Robert Mor was, to quote Mackenzie, "one of the first Chiefs in the Highlands who renounced the Roman Catholic form of religion and embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, in the promotion of which he exercised great influence in the county of Ross ..." The first spot in Ross-shire where the reformed religion is said to have been preached is at Waterloo, midway between Foulis and Dingwall, where the traces of a burying-ground still exist." Robert Mor was also the first of the Munro chiefs to be buried in Kiltearn churchyard.

It is a pity that we cannot, through the chronicles, find any matter relevant to the only legend, other than that of the arrival of the Munros, which has survived from the olden times. How often, through how many centuries, has the tale of the Lady of Balconie been recounted, on winter evenings, by the light of the peat-fire, while the wind blowing down the glens from the cold heights of Wyvis howled an eerie accompaniment.

### The Lady of Balconie

The castle of Balconie, as already noted, was a stronghold of the Earls of Ross. The Earldom ceased to exist in 1476, and ere that century ended Balconie was in the hands of a branch of the Munros, in which it remained, through eight generations, until sometime in the 18th century. At which period the witch lady lived is impossible to determine. There is no written evidence; indeed, the story seems to have come down orally, and was first put into writing by Hugh Miller in his "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland"; unless perchance it lies hidden and forgotten in some old manuscript. Miller dates it early in the 17th century. If so, the lady was a Munro.

Miller tells a good story; but he warns us, in his preface, that he takes a certain liberty of embellishing his matter. I am too much an admirer of the genius of Cromarty, to impugn his presentation; but his account contains both more, and less, than that with which I became familiar, in Evanton, during the first decade of the present; the 20th century. Those, from whose lips I heard the tale more than once, had heard it in their turn, in one case quite fifty years before; and in that one case, certainly the narrative could be thrown back into the 18th century, and much earlier than Hugh Miller had gleaned his version.

The Lady of Balconie appears to have been a daughter of an old Lord of Balconie. Her nurse was a witch, and secretly trained the girl in the black art.

This became known after the pupil had developed considerable skill. There were visitors; they and the family were strolling on the lawn on the eastern side of the castle. The subject of witchcraft cropped up, and someone made a scoffing or sceptic comment. The young lady bridled:- "See what I can do!" On the instant the castle rose several feet into the air, so that the startled people were able to see, between it and the foundations, the fields out beyond, the blue reach of the Cromarty Firth and the slopes of the Black Isle. For a few seconds the building hung thus; then it was lowered to its original base - not a stone being displaced.

We may assume that, the witch being of so high a degree, the matter was kept quiet.

Time went on. The girl became Lady of Balconie; she continued to hold commerce with the forces of evil. At last the day came when she was required to rendezvous with Satan himself, at midnight, on a bridge that spanned the Black Rock gorge, two miles from the castle.

The Lady took her maid along; and made her tie her apron-strings in front. The maid went first; at her heels the Lady kept firm hold of the apron. When they were on the middle of the bridge the Devil swooped. The maid, no fool, had

unseen loosened the knot in the strings, and was merely holding them in her hands: now she let them go, and the Lady was whirled into the abyss.

The castle keys, which she wore at her belt, she flung from her as she flew. One struck a great boulder, which still perches on the brink of the chasm, and made an impression on it as if it were wax.

The maid got back to the castle with her story. At daybreak, search was begun; but the Lady could not be found.

Some years passed, and one Donald, servant to a proprietor in the vicinity, was fishing, on behalf of his mistress, below where the river issues from the Rock. He had a good catch, and part of it he hid by the riverside, intending to convey it later to his old mother.

When he came back, the fish were gone; but he saw a trail of fish scales, and followed it, to find himself eventually deep in the chasm, at the mouth of a cave, which he entered.

To his amazement, there, chained to the wall, and baking over a great fire, was the lost Lady. "My Lady", he exclaimed, "you must come away with me!" "No one can ever save me", was the reply. "And you will be hard put to it to get away yourself. Look behind you."

Donald looked. Two great dogs were chained, one on either side, within the entrance. They had let him come in; it was obvious that they would not let him go out.

"I think I can help you," said the Lady. She threw a great lump of dough to each dog.

"Now run!" she cried, as the dogs jumped on the tit-bits. Donald ran, and got safely away. But neither he, nor any one else, was able afterwards to find the path which had led him in and out; and that was the last time mortal eye beheld the Lady.

It used to be said, even into this century, when mist rose from the water and lay along the course of the Black Rock, that it was smoke from the Lady of Balconie's fire, and a sign that she was baking - baking bannocks for her master the Devil.

The passage of time had little meaning for me when first I heard the story; and for years I was of the opinion that an old man, Donald Munro "Heamish", who lived not many doors from my home, was the Donald of the tradition.



## Black Rock Gorge

The chasm is indeed a dreadful place. Yet its horrors have been defied by human courage at least twice in fairly recent times.

About eighty years ago, a sheep, belonging to the tenant of Drumore Farm, made its way down and along the cliff, picking at this and that enticing bunch of grass, until it was halted on a ledge where it could neither advance nor turn back. When it was discovered, it looked as though it were doomed. But Murdo Ross, a son of the farmer, volunteered to try a rescue. Ropes were brought, and he was lowered. He reached the ledge, and was able to get hold of the sheep; they were hauled together to safety.

It must have been a little later than this that the chasm was jumped by David MacDonald of Evanton, who was well known as an athlete in his young days. It is said that he did this for a wager of a pound!

Hugh Miller, in the eighteen-forties, wrote of "herd-boys of the neighbourhood" crossing the Rock on fallen trees. It was never hard to find those rude bridges, when trees grew thickly on either bank. I believe an Assynt lad performed the feat sometime during my school days.

A friend of mine who lived at Assynt about thirty years ago had an alarming experience at the bridge which used to be below the farm-a good wooden bridge, with hand-rails about three feet above the flooring. One night he had been visiting a house near to the Swordale road. It was overcast, and the darkness in the woods, when he made his homeward journey, was intense. But he knew the path well, and had travelled it by night often before. He went his way cheerily, and in due course came to the little clearing by the bridge. In spite of the darkness he was quite sure of himself, but he stepped with due caution, and so his outstretched hand came upon the end of a handrail, just where it ought to be. He was on the point of going on briskly, when something - the feel of vegetation under his first out-striding foot, instead of the packed earth approach to the boarding, it may have been - halted him. He fumbled about; the ground before him fell away steeply. He had indeed got his hand on a handrail; but he was on the outside of it; his right hand was on the left-hand rail. One smart step, and he had gone tumbling down the steep ... He got himself to the right side of the rail, and crossed the bridge. It was not until afterwards, when he thought of what had so nearly happened, that the shock made him sweat at every pore.

That bridge, which was familiar to so many of us, until it became dilapidated and was removed sometime in the 'thirties, had been built, I understand, towards

the end of the 19th century. The bridge to which it succeeded - "the old bridge" was how people used to refer to it when I was a boy - had been not many hundred yards below the upper end of the Rock. The depressions in the ground, where its beams had been set, were then visible on the banks, and probably are so still.

From this earlier bridge an unhappy Evanton girl had flung herself, on 11th November 1874. I think she had been working at Redburn - it was one of the Glenglass places - and was coming home, carrying her spare clothes in a basket. Home she never came. A search soon found her basket on the bridge as she had left it. That was the last that was generally known of the matter, for many years. But sometime before my day, after the girl's parents were dead, an ageing man told that he had been on Kiltarn beach with her father, some months after the disappearance. They saw something at a little distance which might have been seaweed, and yet did not look like seaweed. As they drew near, they saw that it was a girl's long hair. She lay there, almost wholly covered by the wet sand. The two men buried her there; and they told their tale to none.

In what other feats, what other tragedies, the Black Rock may have featured in the past, there is no record.

One would think there was nothing of the pleasant about the Black Rock. But its gloomy associations and frightful nature have never darkened the outlook of those who lived near. Even its vicinity was not shunned - save after nightfall. Perhaps fewer people visit it today, but I remember when a walk "up the wood" from Evanton was a not infrequent outing, and the Rock was often reached. Even children have visited it outside of their parents' knowledge. My mother has told me that she, when a young girl, was one of a band who came to that great boulder which figures in the tale of the Lady of Balconie. One girl so manoeuvred that she got all the rest seated on top of the stone. She then, from a safe distance, told them of a prophecy that the stone would topple into the Rock when a certain number of bairns - of course, the number so then situated - were upon it. There was a terrific shrieking and alarm as the girls scrambled from their perilous seat. As for the prophecy, I understand it to be no more than the bright invention of the moment.

### Battles

Returning to older periods, the district is not notably rich in legend and tradition. At least we have one reminiscence of the '45. We know that there must have been some coming and going of troops: for a Jacobite force under Lord Cromarty went north as far as Caithness, and then south again. Some Jacobites, the story goes, passing through the hills, arrived at Corrieavachie. They demanded food, which was procured for them. They sat in front of one of

the houses to eat, and their muskets they leaned to the wall at their back. A lad Murdo attended to their wants. He contrived, unobserved, to put a little water down the barrels of their weapons. They finished their meal and went on their way; and if it was their fortune to meet Hanoverians ere they found that their powder was damp, it would go ill with them. But so far the story does not go; which gives it the impress of truth. Those soldiers lived on the country; and it has also been told that some, passing through Clare, helped themselves rather roughly to the provisions of the crofters there. "The rebels", they were called; which sufficiently shows which side had the sympathy of the Munros.

Definite misfortune overtook a party of reivers - cattle-thieves, more plainly - who came from so far away as Lochaber, and fell foul of the men of Boath at some time unspecified. A minor battle took place on the moor slope west of Ballone; and the raiders were exterminated. Their bodies were left to rot where they fell; and from this circumstance, says the tale, the burn which flows by the spot derives its name, Allt na' Cruimheag, Burn of Worms.

The path through Strathmor, which connects Boath and Glenglass, was of old and up until 1914, in constant use. More recently it has been little traversed, and when I last crossed - in 1946 - it was becoming much encroached upon by heather, which may by now have obliterated it. Once a party of Boath folk, on their way to Glenglass, found a dead woman on the path. They proved themselves quite adept in what is called, nowadays, "passing the buck." They carried the body on with them, and deposited it with their Glen friends; leaving to them the trouble of notifying the Law, burial, and what not.

### The Kildey Wife

Our knowledge of the Kildey Wife derives wholly from tradition, which however gives us sufficient detail to render it certain that she is no myth. It is not possible to date her, but she seems to have been prior to the 19th century. To Kildey we have already referred; the name tells us that hereabouts was an early chapel. What is said to be the site of the Kildey Wife's dwelling may be seen about a quarter mile from Blackhill farm steading, and nearly on the same level, just on the Lemlair side of the boundary wall. Grass grown mounds outline the walls of two or perhaps three buildings; most of the stones of which they were composed have evidently been incorporated in the boundary wall, which may be accepted as at least of early 19th century. The foundation most clearly to be identified is that of a house with gable to the hill, and fronting to the west or southwest: the position of the doorway is definite.

A few paces further on, the old road from Clare - no more a road, but easily recognised - passes down towards the "top" road between Evanton and Dingwall. There was a large number of crofts, both in the Clare area, and on the

slopes of Blackhill and Pelaig, which this road would have served. This corroborates that the Kildey Wife kept a public house. Planted there by the roadside a certain amount of custom would be ensured.

The Wife had a cow, which grazed up and down the roadside. It was a notable cow, for, although untethered and unherded, it was never known to encroach on the unfenced fields on either side; a remarkably well-disciplined beast, worthy of her mistress.

To keep a pub on a tiny hillside croft would not of itself win immortality. The Kildey Wife happened to be a witch, and that is the reason why she has not been wholly forgotten.

Our forefathers must have known a good deal about her. Unfortunately, report of one only of her exploits has reached our age.

The Cromarty Firth lies at the foot of the long slope, and beyond the Firth rises the Black Isle. The cows on a farm over there, in the parish of Resolis, the western extremity of which is nearly enough opposite to Kildey, were being found, many mornings, stripped of their milk. A watch was kept - and there was a gun loaded with a silver bullet. One night a hare appeared among the cows; it was fired at, and apparently hit in a hind-leg. But it was able to escape. Thereafter, it was noticed, the Kildey Wife went with a limp. That is a type of story not unique in the annals of witchcraft.

### Witchcraft

Talk of witchcraft in Ferindonald could scarcely omit reference to that remarkable business which took place in the latter part of the 16th century, in which the house of Foulis was so deeply involved. The History gives a full account, which casts a valuable light on a dark side of life in those days. It is noticeable that Katherine, the lady from Balnagown, sought out witches in Tain; from a man John Macmillan in Dingwall she bought an elf arrow-head for four shillings; and she gave a man eight shillings to go so far afield as Elgin to buy rat-poison. At that time, it is apparent, she did not care to employ any of the Ferindonald witches. The identity of the witch who was alleged to have cured Hector, 17th baron, of a fever, and used means to transfer it to Katherine's oldest son (Hector's half-brother) we do not know; but we may be sure that no Baron of Foulis would need to go outwith Ferindonald for such a one.

Recollection of such ongoing helps us to understand that story, which Hugh Miller gives in his "Scenes and Legends", of the two ministers, the one in Kiltarn and the other on the further side of the Firth in Cullicudden, who were concerned to prevent the Devil from having unhindered scope during all the hours of darkness. They arranged that one should sit up, engaged in devotional

exercises, for the first half of each night; the other would then take over the duties and continue them until daybreak. As their study windows were within sight one from the other, the first sentinel could tell, when he saw the light appear on the other side, that he was relieved and might retire.

#### Evanton village

As is well known, the present village of Evanton did not begin to come into being until early in the 19th century. There was before then the village of Drummond, situated between the "top" road from Evanton to Dingwall and the River Skiach, and extending west from the line of the present school. Two or three small ancient cottages, which were probably relics of the old village, stood on this ground and were occupied prior to 1914. I think one of them had been the village school. The school continued on this spot at least until the eighteenth-fifties, and most likely was kept going until the era of School Boards came in and the present school was built, in 1872.

In the old village, two markets were held annually. Dr Harry Robertson, writing in the last decade of the 18th century, tells us that one was in early June, one in early December; that in December was called the Goose Market. When Evanton took over the role of principal centre, the markets moved thither. At least one market continued to be held in Evanton until 1905 or a year or two later. By that time it was a very attenuated relic of what it must have been. Of "market" in the sense of local people taking an active part there was none. I think there were merely two or three travelling people who continued to make their accustomed circuit, years after the various markets on which they had attended with their wares had ceased to function. I remember the line of stands - canvas on a wooden framework - on the western sidewalk at the foot of Chapel Road. Barley sugar was a principal ware in my eyes - you bought it in great lumps, a string running through; and there were windmills - cardboard vanes set on a tack at the point of a stick - which revolved rapidly when the owner ran, holding it in front of him. The windmills could be obtained in barter for jam-jars; perhaps also the barley sugar. That was a good thing, for coppers were extremely scarce among small boys in those days.

Evanton came into being about 1805. The ground on which it was built had been wasteland belonging to Balconie - or Inchcoulter, as the old people called it. One John Fraser owned the estate at that time; it is said that he conferred the name after his son Evan. He had the site thoroughly planned, the streets laid out, the lots divided off, as they continue to exist today. Before Evanton, a small distillery stood somewhere close by the main road; it ceased to be sometime in the first half of the 19th century.

The chapel was built by the United Secession Church about 1824. In 1839 the parish minister, the Rev. Thomas Munro, described it as "capable of containing 400; but only about 170 attend regularly: and of these only two or three families are really Seceders." The Seceders faded away after some years, and the Chapel became a girls school; it continued so until the new school was built at Drummond, when the Free Church took it over. A tragedy took place at the Chapel, on 9th July 1880. Calum Mackinnon, an adventurous boy, climbed to the steeple, whence he fell and was killed.

A glimpse of Ferindonald in the eighteen-thirties may be obtained with the help of Pigot's Directory, which was published in 1837.

"Alness", we are informed, "is a small village, partly in the parish of its name and partly in that of Rosskeen .... situated on both sides of the Alness ... Three fairs are held here annually, viz., on the second Tuesday of January, the last Tuesday of October, and the third Tuesday of November; besides which, a monthly cattle-market is held from April to November, both inclusive; the days of holding these markets, like those at Beaully, are regulated by the Falkirk Trysts.

"Evanton is a rural village, on the north side of Cromarty bay, and sheltered by a row of trees, which defend it from the sea breeze. The church is about a mile distant, and there is a handsome chapel in the village for a congregation of seceders. About two miles to the westward is Foulis ferry, used for loading grain, timber, and cattle ... There are two fairs annually held at Evanton, on the second Tuesday of June and the second Tuesday of December, both new style."

We are told of the Post Office at Evanton, with its Postmaster Donald Ross, who also figures in the list of linen-draper and grocers. (It is peculiar that there is no mention of a Post Office in Alness; surely there would have been.). The Post Office was served by the Royal Mail coaches, one each way daily. That from the north, leaving Thurso at a quarter to eleven in the morning of the day before, and Wick at two in the afternoon, arrived at Dornoch at one in the morning. It is not clear whether it went round by Bonar Bridge, or crossed the ferry; but at any rate it left Tain at a quarter to three, and Invergordon at four o'clock. Evanton is reached at half-past four. We are not told the time to Dingwall, but that town is left at six o'clock, and Inverness is reached at half past eight. The northbound coach, leaving Inverness at 11 a.m., reached Evanton at half past two in the afternoon.

Of schools there seems to have been a sufficiency, although Boath is not mentioned. The parochial school at Westend, Alness, had Charles Rose as

master. The master of the Evanton parochial school was John McLennon; we find for Evanton also Donald McGregor and John Sutherland. Duncan Black was teacher in Glenglass. This Glenglass school was situated, I have been told, in a field just below the croft house of Uig, a large mound now marks the spot.

#### Local Lairds

Nobility, gentry, and clergy are thrown together. Sir Hugh Munro was the chief.

Captain Hugh Munro was at Coul Cottage; he was head of the Teaninich Munros, and receives almost two pages in the History. "Colonel" John Munro, Teaninich, was a younger brother of Captain Hugh, from whom he had bought the estate in 1831; he suffers loss of rank in the Directory, for the History tells us that he retired from the Army, with the rank of Major General, before 1831.

Finlay Munro, laird of Lealty, is omitted from the Directory.

Hugh Andrew Johnstone Munro, laird of Novar, was a nephew of General Sir Hector Munro, whose memorial is the well-known monument on the summit of Cnoc Fyrish.

Alexander Fraser was laird of Inchcoulter, now called Balconie. Evanton was a part of that estate.

Three farmers are listed under nobility, gentry, and clergy. There is William Sim, esq., of Drummond. Sim is a most infrequent name in these parts, and it is likely that a Henry Sim, who was farmer at Ardullie in 1868, was of the same family. Hugh Munro, esq., of Assynt, would seem to be the Hugh whom we find in the History (pp. 460-461) as a grandson of Ian Mor of Knockancuirn, and who was "tenant of Eastern Assynt for a number of years, and subsequently emigrated to America. He married, before he left, Ann, daughter of Robert Munro, tenant of Knockan, Glenglass." (In passing, as a note on how long some of those families lived on their crofts, I remember the hale old man, "Robbie Knockan", in 1905; he would have been a brother of Ann). William Munro, esq. of Newton, is the third of what we term nowadays "gentleman farmers."

#### Ministers

Rev. Alexander Flyter was the Alness minister. A relative of his, James Flyter, A.M., Alness, compiled the New Statistical Account of that parish a few years later. The Rev. Thomas Munro is at Kiltearn; and Rev. Alexander Wood, Evanton, must be the minister of the Seceder chapel.

#### Tradesmen

The Directory gives us but one baker, Alexander McKay; Alness. Alness has two blacksmiths, Donald McKay and John Munro; it is probable that they practised on different sides of the river.

The Evanton blacksmith is Catherine Urquhart. This looks strange. In fact, Catherine was the widow of William Urquhart, whose stone at Kiltearn tells us that he died 30 December 1831, aged 53. Mrs Urguhart was keeping the business going by employing a smith or smiths; in time her son James (aged 12 in 1837, and already perhaps out of school and at the forge) was to take over the business. Of him we shall hear something later.

Andrew Fraser and Donald Urquhart in Alness, and Alexander McLean in Evanton, are shoemakers. It is more than likely that there were others of this trade, for in those days few boots and shoes were imported from the south.

There is but one distillery, that at Teaninich, under the name of Hugh Munro; the manager is Kenneth Allan Maclachlan. The distillery at Evanton, mentioned in the seventeen-nineties, has vanished.

Allan and Mackenzie run an ironmongery and grocery in Evanton. Linen drapers and grocers are listed together. We have Hector McLean, Alexander Munro, Donald Munro, and Robert Munro, in Alness; and in Evanton, other than Allan and Mackenzie, were Mary McLenon, John Sutherland, William Ross, and Donald Ross - the latter also postmaster. John Wallace, Alness, is a "Shopkeeper and Dealer in Sundries."

One saddler - George Munro, Alness - must have had a big business if indeed there were no others in the district. There are two tailors - Colin Munro, Alness, and Alexander Munro, Evanton.

Joiners are Donald Clark, John Munro, Donald Ross, and John Ross, in Alness; George Aitcheson and John Munro in Evanton. There is one wheelwright, Hector McLean, Alness. The Directory in this is certainly incomplete; for Andrew Munro, a joiner, had his house and workshop in Hermitage Street, Evanton; his house was one of the first built in Evanton. The house of John Munro, the other Evanton joiner, was also among the earliest built; he was also a cartwright; the business had at that time been established about forty years, and continues today on the same site under a great-grandson.

It is remarkable that no Inns are listed. But under the heading of Vintners we find Ferindonald thirst reasonably well catered for. In Alness:-Jno. Anderson, Black Horse; Donald Clark; Donald Fraser; Robert Logan; James Mackay, Spread Eagle; John Munro; Alexander Ross; Donald Urquhart. Of course a proportionate number of these would have been in the Rosskeen part of the village. What is called the Spread Eagle I assume was that establishment later called simply the Eagle, which endured at least until close on 1914; it is now a



dwelling. Eagle House, two hundred yards or so west of the bridge. If the Directory tells the whole truth, Evanton men were exceedingly temperate; we have only the Phoenix, under the rule of Donald Munro.

Under Miscellaneous come James Hall, timber merchant, and Francis Hendry, stone Mason, both of Alness; Roderick McKenzie, tinplate worker, and David Ross, nurseryman, at Evanton.

That there are very noticeable omissions need not be laid to the charge of the compiler of the Directory; even modern directories are not all inclusive, for various reasons, the principl being probably that a tradesman may not consider such profit as might derive from the entry of his name worth the charge. I bid it farewell gratefully, with the copy of two entries from the Cromarty section: "Bank. Commercial Bank of Scotland (Branch) Rose St. - (draws on the parent establishment, Edinburgh, & on Jones, Loyd & Co. London) - Robert Ross, agent: Hugh Miller, accountant. Academies and Schools. Miller Lydia, Church St."

In August 1839, the parish minister of Kiltarn wrote, in the New Statistical Account:- "The first flour mill in the country was erected in 1821, by Mr. Sim (of Drummond). It is driven by the water of the Skiach. Besides the flourmill, this water drives one meal, two barley, and three sawmills. There are also meal, flour, barley and carding mills on the Aultgraad."

Coopering was an important rural trade in those days. A Munro family were coopers at Park beside Evanton at least as early as 1787, when Harry Munro was the principal. It was their practice at intervals to send a cart load of their products to Inverness market. I have been told of such a load going sometime during the eighteen-fifties, in the charge of a daughter or maybe a granddaughter of the said Harry, who was known as "Mal Harry" - Harry's Mary, that is. A John Munro was a cooper at Kiltarn towards the end of the 18th century.

Of weavers, also, there must have been several. One, whose cottage was situate in Balavallich, at the top of Assynt Farm, was alive, but I do not know if he was still working, for he was an old man, in the eighteen-seventies. He was known locally as Breabadair Bower; breabadair is Gaelic, weaver, and bodhar is deaf. Name - Hugh Urquhart.

The mail coach was not at that time the only public transport through Ferindonald. Two carriers operated between Invergordon and Dingwall twice weekly, John Yule from Back Street and Norman Ross from Main Street; and Walter Ross plied from Invergordon to Inverness once every fortnight.

Foulis Ferry as a shipping point has been noticed. It is likely also that Kiltearn beach was in use in earlier times, although there was no pier or jetty; a regular visitor there, during this 20th century, was a small coasting vessel with peats for the Glenskiach Distillery. It used to come in on high tide, and settle on the sand; horses and carts went out as soon as the water receded sufficiently, and the unloading did not take overlong. I last saw a vessel beached there in winter of 1923/24, and it probably continued to come until the distillery closed a few years later. Prior to 1914 a few rowboats had their home on that beach. One of these belonged to the parish minister, another to George Munro, who was a baker in the village.

### John Dearg

A most prominent man during the earlier part of the 19th century was John Munro, generally known as John Dearg, Red John. On his mother's side he was of the Knockancuirn Munros, a family which had branched from the Foulis stem in the 16th century. For those who are interested in such matters, Hector, second son of Robert, the fourteenth baron, was the founder of the Fyrish, Contullich, and Kildermorie family, Hugh Munro, fourth of Fyrish, had six sons; and Hugh, the sixth of these, became the first of the Tullochue family, in the second half of the 17th century. John Munro, fourth of Tullochue, better known as Ian Mor, Big John, was in earlier life tacksman of Fyrish; he left Fyrish to become (quoting the History) "tenant of the combined farms of Torbhuidh, Achleach, Teachait, and subsequently of Knockancuirn."

This Ian Mor had a daughter, Janet, who married Finlay Munro, farmer, Ferintosh. John Dearg was their son.

He started his career working on the roads, for sixpence a day. But he had been brought up on the farm, and had an eye for animals. While still a lad he began to deal in cattle and sheep. He had luck as well as judgment; and was a comparatively young man when he became tenant of Swordale and Clare, then Foulis property.

We can understand how this exhibition of success made people stare. John Dearg could account for it; but they could not. How could he have come by so much money, they said; why, it's only a few years since he was a loon on the road; it's not natural. They remembered that there had been a mail coach robbery; the thieves had never been caught; nor had any of the money come to light. Surely, people said, the thieves had hidden the money somewhere until, the crime was forgotten, they could take it out and spend it safely. And John Dearg - the sly one - he must have found it.

(In fact, John Dearg's case was not unique. Nearly contemporary with him we find flourishing in Lochaber one John Cameron, known as Corrychoillie. Corry as a boy used to be given small payments by drovers for watching their cattle.

He was thus enabled to save a few pounds, with which he bought goats and sheep. From this he went on, until he was eventually probably the largest pastoral farmer in Scotland. Once being questioned as a witness at a sitting of the High Court in Inverness, he told that he had ten thousand black cattle and horses, and fifty thousand sheep.)

Sometime after entering Swordale and Clare, John Dearg took a lease of Lemlair, this belonging to the Mackenzies of Mountgerald, descendants of the Mackenzie who had changed the old descriptive name Clyne - Gaelic for a slope - to the somewhat fanciful Mountgerald.

After Sir Charles, 27th Baron, succeeded to the property of Foulis in 1849, he had to meet heavy legal costs incurred in the action to secure the title, and found it necessary to disentail and sell parts of the estate. It would seem that, as a consequence of this, John Dearg bought Swordale and Clare.

When his lease of Lemlair expired, he found that under the agreement to renew fences and buildings, he would be put to much expense. In preference, "he found the money somehow" (I quote my informant, Mr. Kenny Ross of Balnarge, Glenglass, now in his 94th year) and bought that estate. For a period also he had a lease of Ardullie; I do not know when it began, but it ended in May 1863.

Stories still told show that John Dearg was a man of many parts.

While he was living at Swordale, and before his marriage, he had a housekeeper whom we may call Mary. Davy, the grieve, was a single man; he had been courting Mary in a somewhat desultory way for a considerable time. "Mary", said John one day, "it doesn't look to me as if Davy is ever going to marry you."

"Indeed that's what it looks like, Mr. Munro", was Mary's despondent reply. John Dearg thought over the matter. He didn't want to lose a good housekeeper; but Mary, it was certain, had a considerable liking for Davy. And, some days later, John said:- "I want you to look after some money for me, Mary. Look, here I have five hundred pounds. Put it away in your kist, and speak of it to no one. When I ask for it, you'll give it to me."

Not long after, her employer handed Mary another £500 to put with the first.

Being a single man, the grieve lived in a bothy; but he got his meals in the farmhouse. One morning he was seated in the big kitchen enjoying his breakfast porridge, and talking with Mary, when in came John Dearg. "Mary", he

exclaimed, "I'm going away this morning, as you know; and I need to take money with me. I overlooked to draw some when I was in Dingwall, and I haven't a penny in the house. Can you, by any chance, help me?" "Certainly, Mr. Munro. How much do you want? A thousand pounds?" "No, no - nothing as much as that. If you can give me five hundred." Mary tripped away; and during the minute or two of her absence, John Dearg discussed the coming day's work with Davy, who, maybe, had only half his mind on that. Mary came back, and handed a bundle of notes to John Dearg. "Will you count it please, Mr. Munro?"

Carefully, John Dearg counted. "Five hundred. That's splendid! Thanks very much, Mary - you've got me out of a fix."

Davy sat there, forgetting to lift the spoon to his lips, his eyes popping out of his head.

Before the week was out, he had proposed to Mary.

As a sideline John Dearg had dealings in smuggled whisky. No precise details are available, but from what we do know it seems that the whisky was made here and there in stills hidden among the nearby glens, by his own tenants and likely by others also, and brought in to him at Swordale, whence he disposed of it in bulk.

Once, when a good stock of unlicensed stuff was on the premises, word was brought in that a small party of men were approaching Swordale. They were doubtless gaugers. Such a visit would have been planned for - we may trust John Dearg. The small kegs were packed under a table in his private room. The cattleman was brought in; ten shillings were to be his reward for playing his part. He laid himself on the table, sheets were placed over all, and the stage was set.

The strangers came to the door. They were indeed excisemen, and they wished to see Mr. Munro. The housekeeper - could she have been the Mary aforesaid? - had been primed for her part. She was doubtful. The cattleman, Mr. Munro's dearest friend, had just died suddenly; Mr. Munro was grief-stricken. All morning he had been sitting by the corpse, which was laid out in his own private room. No one cared to intrude upon him.

"Dear me! said the chief officer, "what a pity! We did so badly want to have a few words with him." "I'll try," offered the housekeeper. She came back shortly, and showed the men the way to the room of mourning.

It was said in Ferindonald, that at this very juncture, while the tread of feet sounded in the passageway outside, the cattleman chose to murmur, from under the enveloping sheet; "Another ten shillings, Mr. Munro, or I'll speak."

The excisemen came no further than the doorway. They beheld the table, and the outline of the body, draped in white sheets that reached to the floor. There sat John Dearg, lifting grave eyes from the Bible which he held open in his hands. The officers were so much affected by this evidence of bereavement, that they hastily apologised, and drew back.

John Dearg laid the Bible aside, and, still showing every appearance of deep grief, rose and took the gaugers into another room, where he produced a bottle of whisky - duty-paid, this - gave to each a dram, accepted their condolences, and saw them depart.

Frequent consignments of whisky went from Swordale into Inverness. The gaugers were aware that contraband was thus slipping in, not only from Swordale, of course, but from many another quiet place among the hills; they often kept watch on the roads into the town. John declared that, despite them, he would get a load in on a certain day. He hired a hearse; and the gaugers, who were that day stopping all suspicious traffic, stood to one side and removed their hats respectfully, as the coach of death rolled by. I need not say what were the contents.

John Dearg had too many other affairs on his hands to be continually personally engaged in this smuggling; his was the directing mind. But it has been told that at least once, disguised in the rough garb of a poor man of the hills, he drove a cart well loaded with liquor into Inverness.

This colourful figure had several children; a daughter, Mary, married John Mackintosh of Waterloo, to whom she bore thirteen children. She came to be known as "the Waterloo Wife", and as such is still remembered, not indeed on account of any tradition concerning herself, but simply as the daughter of a notable father.

Despite his wealth it seems that he remained a man of simple tastes, who scorned to keep up with the Joneses. It was his habit to walk to church, going down by the old track from below Drummore to the River Skiach and by the footbridge at Katewell Mill. Thus far he carried his boots and stockings, but when over the river he put them on. He took them off at the same point on his return journey. This had been an old custom among country folk.

It was his custom to plant trees on his property. Especially due to him was the thriving wood that covered the long ridge of Swordale hill and extended an arm down to near the river opposite Redburn. Doubtless jestingly he remarked at the time of planting that he would be "coming back" to see how it was getting on in

years to come. Some long time after his death two local women who knew of that saying were in the wood gathering fallen branches and cones when they were startled to hear a voice say, "A bhean". (As I have been given it and which may suitably be translated, "Hey, woman.") There was nobody to be seen, and concluding that it was the spirit of John Munro Dearg they fled terrified and never dared to go near that part of the wood again.

He was pre-deceased by his wife Fanny. He died in 1860, and was buried at Kiltearn, to the north side of the church. The stone which covers him bears the inscription: John Munro (Dearg) of Swordale and Lemlair died 3rd February 1860 aged 80 years.

He was succeeded by his son William, also called Dearg. Perhaps the world was becoming too civilised, or the excisemen were becoming too clever; at any rate, we hear nothing of William as a smuggler.

William Dearg thought highly of one of his employees, George Dingwall, whom he wished to make foreman on one of his farms. George was not greedy for promotion, and had several times refused it, making the excuse that he had no watch - a foreman would need a watch to direct the men at their various operations. Eventually William got the better of him, by presenting him with a watch, and chuckling, "You'll have to be foreman now, George."

William Dearg drove about the country quite a lot, using the old style horse and trap. George Dingwall often accompanied him. While travelling, every afternoon at four o'clock, wherever he might happen to be, the horse was halted. A bottle of whisky was produced, William had a dram, and whosoever might be with him had to take a dram too. The dram business came to be something of a trial for George, who either was of an abstemious nature, or had the type of head that is affected by little.

A son of this George was tenant of Teandallon farm in the early part of the 20th century, and some of his descendants still live in Ferindonald.

William Dearg died on 12th August 1877. He was succeeded by his son John, who had no family. He moved to Lemlair in 1879, and sold Swordale to Major Randall Jackson, a Norfolk man. I have been told that before the sale he bought Fannyfield (earlier called Bogreach) to fill in the gap between Swordale and Clare. The Major built a great mansion beside the old house of Swoldale, a mansion that has since been demolished.

John died at Lemlair on 24th October 1900. That property was sold to Mr. Wylie Hill a year or two later. So came to an end the great estate which was the

fruit of the shrewd mind of John Dearg, who began his career earning sixpence a day.

The good that is in a man lives long after him. I was told quite recently that those Dearg Munros were strict men, but they were good employers, and their men stayed long with them.

### Bone-setting

Another noteworthy descendant of Ian Mor was well known in the North during the latter part of the 19th and into the 20th century - his grandson Donald, whom many still remember as Danny Knockancuirn (1824-1911). The headship of the Knockancuirn branch passed to a representative in Canada in 1877 when

Danny's older brother John died; but Danny succeeded to the farm. He took after his father and his brother John in the practice of bonesetting. His services, which were always given free, were publicly recognized in 1895, when he was presented with an oil painting of himself. I am able to quote the preamble which was printed in the books used in collecting for this testament::

"Proposed testimonial to Mr. D. Munro, Knockancuirn.

A movement has been set on foot to present Mr. Donald Munro, Knockancuirn, Evanton, with a testimonial in recognition of his many excellent qualities as a countryman and a friend. His services as a bonesetter are well known, and the cheerful manner in which he gives his time in this respect is such as to commend him to everyone who has had either direct or indirect knowledge of him.

An influential committee has been appointed to promote the movement, with Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, Bart., as Convener, and Mr. A.M. Ross, North Star Office, Dingwall, as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer.

Contributions to the Fund will be received by either of the gentlemen named, and publicly acknowledged.  
Dingwall, Feb. 1895."

The painting, done when he was seventy-one years of age, shows a handsome cheerful man, with an abundance of brown hair, beard and whiskers just touched with grey. He would pass for sixty or less.

Yet again public recognition was given to his bonesetting abilities when, in January 1909, after he had retired from Knockancuirn and was living at Katewell, he was presented with a fur-lined coat and a silver-mounted stick. Speaking at that meeting, over which he presided, Mr. George Souter of Drynie said, that over the period of fifty years that he had been in the district, Mr. Munro had attended to more than ten thousand cases, and in all that number he had failed in only about a dozen, the patients being too seriously hurt for him to

deal with. The "period of fifty years" mentioned suggests that, as a younger son, Donald had been living in some distant part for a considerable time in his earlier years.

After his death the story went - it was from one of my school-mates that I heard it - that on his death-bed he had passed on his "gift" to my father, John MacLennan, carpenter in Evanton, who on his mother's side was a great-grandson of Ian Mor. As to this, my father never made any comment in my hearing - perhaps because I, in the careless way in which youth regards affairs of their elders, did not bother to ask him. But certainly my father had visited the old man more than once during his last few weeks, when he was bed-ridden, and had given his beard its last trim a day or two before he died; and I know that; afterwards, more than one of the local people, suffering from a sprain or a dislocation, came to him and, I suppose, were suitably treated.

Catherine, a daughter of Ian Mor (incorrectly named Christina (no 7) in the History, page 461) married Donald Munro, elder, Evanton. An illustrious son of this marriage was Doctor Robert Munro, the antiquarian, who became widely known for his scholarship, and whose book on ancient lake dwellings still retains its status as a valuable contribution to the subject. A granddaughter of Catherine, Mrs. Margaret F. Souter, is still with us, a wonderful lady whose enthusiasm for Ferindonald and Clan Munro shows her to be a loyal daughter of the line of Ian Mor.

To her I am indebted for a reminiscence of her uncle Hugh Munro (her father's brother - not of the Ian Mor line) who was for many years merchant and postmaster in Evanton. Like many another merchant of those days, he also acted as a druggist. In 1868 a Bill became law, which restricted this practice to qualified chemists. As soon as this news reached Hugh, he brooked no delay, but carried his stock of bottles to the kitchen, and poured the lot down the sink. (There was a clause, permitting those who had been in the business for a certain period, to carry on. Perhaps Hugh Munro had not been practising long enough; or perhaps he just felt that way.)

One story yet, of a fourth branch of Ian Mor's line, and I will be done with him.

A grandson of his was my granduncle, John Munro, cartwright and joiner in Evanton, who was commonly known as the Bailie- why, I do not know. He was born in the year before Waterloo, and died in 1907. I recall him as a very tall old man, somewhat round-shouldered under the weight of years. It had been intended that he should be a minister, and he was actually at college, when disaster struck. His father - the John Munro shown as a joiner in Evanton in the 1837 Directory - had backed a bill for a friend, who was, it is said, a minister. The friend defaulted, John Munro senior had to find the money, and the Bailie



had to give up college. He returned to Evanton, to go into the business with his father, and succeeding to it when the latter died in 1868. Sometime in the eighties or early nineties, a girl from Glenglass came into the workshop, requiring a pane of glass. It happened that the diamond-fitted tool, used for cutting glass, was in the dwelling house on the other side of the yard. "Go to the door there, my dear," said the Bailie, "and when you knock an old woman will come to it. Ask her to give you the diamond."

The girl left the shop, and instead of going to the house, slipped away to the street and went home. "I don't want their family jewellery," she told her parents. Who knows what dire plot she imagined the Bailie to be hatching against her!

Illicit whisky making was as prevalent in Ferindonald as elsewhere in the Highlands. A still was in operation on the moor behind Glenglass during the eighteen-seventies. The late Mr. Donald Ross has told me, that when he was a small boy, this still was discovered, and - shall we say? - liquidated. When the party of gaugers came out of the moor, carrying such material as they had not destroyed, they passed by Balnarge, his home. One man came a little way behind the rest. As he passed the little fellow playing by the door, he said, "Tell your father, if he goes up quick he'll get something." Donald at once told his father, and they went up. The last man coming away, had with a few quick kicks of his heel across the bothy doorway made a little dam of earth. There was a slight slant on the floor of packed earth inside, and much of the whisky, spilled on the floor by the gaugers, had run down and collected behind the dam. So Donald's father was able to save some of the precious fluid.

The late Mr. Alick Ross, of Rosslyn, Evanton, was for a long time a forester on Novar estate. One day, over fifty years ago, he had been working at a hill fence beyond Boath, above Loch Morie. Coming down to the road in the evening, he followed the high bank of a burn. Suddenly his foot went through the ground.

He saved himself from a bad fall; and, examining, found that he had made a hole in the roof of a large cave under the bank. Inside the cave were the relics of tubs and other materials, which told that at one time this had been a hideout for making of whisky.

I remember only the bare bones of the tale of a still, which I assume was somewhere in Ferindonald. Two men were engaged in this; and they did not come home from one of their operations. Someone in the know went forth to find. They were in the bothy, dead. They had not allowed the usual ventilation, the fumes had accumulated and poisoned them.

Probably the shortest lived of any distillery - licensed and within the law, that is - was that at Glenskiach, which was built just before the close of the 19th

century. It ceased to operate and was dismantled and razed in the nineteen-thirties.

The part played by forestry in the economy of Ferindonald throughout the 19th century and well into the 20th century was considerable. From Alness and Evanton, six mornings a week all the year round, poured men and lads to the great estate of Novar; from Evanton to Foulis a lesser stream. They walked until cycles came on the scene some years after 1900. The carters - the wood carters - were a race by themselves, with their low, strongly built, sideless carts and their great horses; the men burly and strong as their horses. For over a hundred years these men went out daily to the woods, generations of men tending generations of trees. Novar especially became famous, a showplace; from many a far country came men to see the methods used and the results obtained. The 1914-18 war saw the trees felled ruthlessly, the rotation of planting and cropping that had been developed through a patient century broken.

The vast majority of the early Evanton houses were one-storey thatched cottages; by 1900 there were scarce half-a-dozen such left. Much the same it was in the countryside. Dr. Robertson, writing in the seventeen-nineties, had said that very many of the dwellings in Kiltarn parish were of too wretched a nature to be called houses, rather he would refer to them as smokes.

The Disruption was but the climax of a long disagreement between two differing opinions in the Church of Scotland. For some years, many of the parishioners of Kiltarn had been boycotting the old church by the shore, and every Sunday walking to Alness where a minister of the Evangelical party was to their taste. When at last the split came, the vast majority went into the Free Church.

Probably the most notable man ever produced by Ross-shire was Hugh Miller of Cromarty. He knew Ferindonald fairly well, as the result of various visits, most of them made in pursuit of his geological studies. In the last chapter of his autobiography, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," he tells how, in Spring of 1839, he walked from Alness to attend divine service in Kiltarn under the Rev. Thomas- Munro. In a later book, "Rambles of a Geologist", he records a visit in Autumn 1847. He describes the Black Rock, goes for a few days to Strathpeffer, and on Saturday, having come down to Dingwall by coach, walked thence to Evanton. He stayed at the "quiet village inn", but did not specify whether it was the Novar Arms, or the Phoenix (which was run by Donald Munro in 1837.) He worshipped in the new Free Church on Sunday; on Monday morning he walked to Foulis Ferry where he crossed the Firth on his way to Cromarty.

The railway - "The Inverness and Ross-shire Railway" it was - reached Dingwall in 1862, Invergordon in 1863, Bonar Bridge the next year. The railway company wished to have their station for Evanton directly below the village - the eminently suitable place. This was, however, on Balconie estate, and the estate proprietor, culling her motto from Horace, "Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo" - "I hate the uninitiated crowd, and keep them at a distance" - refused to sell any ground, feeling that the property was desecrated enough by the railway crossing it. The Laird of Novar was, fortunately, of different mind, and the station was planted on Novar estate; entailing a much longer walk from Evanton.

Ferindonald was thus but a day's journey from London. Whether the ordinary man availed himself to any great extent of this new means of travel is doubtful.

Of course those who in the normal way had to go here and there - farmers mainly - found it useful. The working man had his holiday "days", for which the railway catered with cheap day-trips; one could go to Inverness, to Wick, for a few shillings. Such trips were vastly attractive to the younger people. But the major difference wrought in the way of life by the coming of the railway was in the transport of goods. More variety came to the shops. Clothes and footwear, mass-produced in the south, had their effect on the local tailors and shoemakers. I know of one Highland parish, which used to support a dozen shoemakers; their work faded away, and the craft came to be represented by but two cobblers.

This was general, and may be accepted of Alness and Kiltarn. Other local trades suffered in like fashion; the tinsmiths, the weavers, the coopers, lingered awhile but had passed by the end of the century.

Trains, however, offered certain advantages not foreseen by their promoters. I

like the story of the Ferindonald man, who, after the railway had been functioning for some time - long enough for people to learn that trains were not always punctual - went to Strathconon with some sheep which he had sold to a farmer there. He took the sheep by road, of course. It was his intention to return on the following day; and he would take the train from Dingwall. His wife Jean went to the station to meet him. Train after train came; she waited patiently until the last one had gone by; still no John. She went home. Next morning found her again at the station; she stayed all day, and again went home without him. A third day saw the same performance. But the day after that, he came. "John, John!" she cried, ere he set foot on the platform, "what's been keeping you all this time?" "Indeed, Jean," he replied, "it's the train that is late." The story - which I accept as true - concluded with a disclaimer that this was an instance of a loving wife longing for the return of her man. Jean knew her John; it was the money, the purchase price of the sheep, that brought her; woe to the money, she knew, if John was at liberty to drop in to the village inn on his way home. But, in modern speech, John had "pulled a fast one on her"; he had spent the few

days happily in Dingwall and/or other hospitable centres enroute from Strathconon.

I have already referred to James Urquhart, who was six years old when his father William, the Evanton blacksmith, died in 1831. James in due course learned the trade and took over the business. As Jamie the Smith he became known as one who never hesitated to speak his mind, even when a man of tact would be silent. He had a dispute with one of the ministers in the parish; with his customary outspokenness, he declared that the minister deserved to be tied under a cow's tail, with all the unpleasant consequences attendant on such a position. We can guess what the parish had to say, when shortly afterwards the smith's cow bore a calf which had no tail and no back passages. It was assuredly God's judgment on Jamie the Smith. However, the vet was brought along; clever man, he rectified the blunder of Nature, in so far as the major defect was concerned. He was afterwards asked why, since he was able to remedy the one lack, did he not do the whole job, and provide the calf with a tail. His reply attained the eminence almost of a Delphic utterance - "Couldn't be bothered", said he.

Poor Jamie's constitution seems to have been less robust than his spirit; he died 23rd. August 1880, aged 55, leaving behind him a family still young. Roderick, apparently the oldest son, was at that time 17 years old. He carried on the business, until, in the last year or so of the century, he sold it and went to mining in South Africa. He came back to this country in 1913, and died in the following May.

My father, the Bailie's nephew, left school when 12 years old to go into that cartwright and joiner business - already an old-established one, for it had been started by the Bailie's father (if not by his grandfather) ere the close of the eighteenth century. From 1871 to 1889 my father kept a consecutive diary, and while most of the entries are no more than a few words stating where or on what job he was employed, the weather, or who might be the visiting preacher in the Free Church, he sometimes went into more detail. There are at least two reports on funeral ways in the glens of Ferindonald, and these I now give, in his own words:-

1871. Monday, 3rd. April. At home making a coffin for Donald Gray Boath, and went up with it. We had a jolly time of it by the way, for we had plenty of whisky, bread, and cheese, of which we partook freely at certain intervals and rested and newsed. The first halt was to the east of the Toll by a burnside this side of Contelich. Our second halt was by a burnside somewhere on the other side of Moultaivie in a dale near to a wood. Things came off here just as at the former halt, (I counted our number which was something over two dozen)

consisting of another visit to our stores. After cracking for a time we resumed our journey until we came to our next halt, which was somewhere to the west of Lealty, at a place called Knocknecroish or somelike. Here we partook as on the former occasion but more freely, for this was our last halting place, and they said it would be quite out of place to bring any of our stores to the house. So then of necessity we had a longer sit here, for we had to drain the bottles and finish the bread and cheese, so much so that a few of our number proceeded no further. We then started again and in the course of time reached the house, where a great number of people were gathered, as is the custom on such occasions. Then came my part to perform, (i.e., the coffining of the body) which

I did to the satisfaction of all present, so that in no time I became a great favourite among them. After the ceremony of coffining all went out to the barn, where a dinner table was set at which 40 persons might have sat. We began with a dram, rested in the middle and took a dram, and finished with a dram. After dinner, although it was after 12 o'clock at night, we went back to the house to the late wake. The house was crowded with people telling stories and now and again taking a dram and occasionally reading a chapter etc. About 1 o'clock in the morning Finlay Tonach's daughter came to me and said I would need to go to their house and go to bed for some time, as I must be very tired after the long walk. I thanked her and readily accepted of the offer. So then we bade goodnight and started for Finlay's house, which we reached in a short time through bogs and burns. Upon entering the house all was dark, for all the people had retired to rest with the exception of those at the late wake. However Helen, Finlay's daughter, roused up the peats where the fire was wont to be, and made a light and brought a candle to the apartment to which I was led, which turned out to be a bedroom with an earthen floor, a table, some chairs, a chest of drawers and some chests. Now I had to take a drink of new milk, and after we bade each other goodnight and parted, I to my bed, she to the late wake.

Tuesday, 4th. April. After a few hours good sleep I awoke in broad daylight, and Helen entered the room to announce that breakfast was ready. So up I got, dressed and washed, and sat to partake of their hospitality along with Finlay, his son and daughter, and with them had a good breakfast, commencing and finishing with a dram. Most singular to tell, all the clocks and watches in the place are stopped at the time a death takes place and never set a-going until all the funeral is over. After breakfast I went along to set things in order for the funeral, such as cutting bread and cheese and bottling whisky, along with a friend of the Chief P.C. at Dingwall. After all was over the funeral started. I came down along with them, called at MacIntyre's in the passing. I made home of it quite done out. But really I have enjoyed the whole of the affair, for it is seldom that now the like is kept so much up to the real old state of late wakes.

1877. Wednesday 12th. September. At home making a coffin for Neil Ross (Don's) wife in the Glen. Went to the Glen with the coffin. Left Evanton at 8 p.m. When we came to the Aultreach Bridge we had a dram and rested. There was ten of us in all. When we got to the Glen I did my part of the business.

Then a dram, then supper, next a dram. Then back to the wake and after cracking a while we had a dram. Then followed worship conducted by Mr. Munro. Then a dram, then a turn out to have a smoke. When we came back we had a dram. By this time the clock rang 1. So Robert Machustean brought me along with him to his house where I was to sleep. When we came to Robert's he put his wife out of bed, and we had to take a glass of toddy before we went to bed. After a sound sleep I got up at 7 o'clock. After taking a turn about the place we saw Hugh Munro (Louagh) fast coming across the hill. So when he came we went in and had a dram. Then when we came in to breakfast we had a dram; after partaking of an excellent breakfast we had a dram. Then I rambled about for some time before we went to the funeral house, and I did enjoy that bracing morning breeze etc. When we went to the funeral house we had to take a dram. After seeing all things right we took a turn to the west of the house and met with some of the people that now began to come to the funeral. So we newsed away the time until they commenced serving the people with whisky, bread and cheese. Then James Ross and myself took out the coffin and the procession moved away. A cart, well stored with provisions for the churchyard, and two men were sent in front with refreshments for all who met the funeral until they came down to Colin Dingwall's farm. I got Davie Knockan's horse and rode all the way to Kiltearn (Davie of Knockancuirn). The afternoon got wet. I had a drive from the churchyard with Mr. Patterson Foulis, by the time we got to Evanton it was very wet. All the Glenders came in to our house when they came from the churchyard, and had a dram and settled for the coffin before they left, as is the custom always. So ended my adventure. This may give an idea of how things are done in the nineteenth century at Glenglass."

### Schoolmasters

No talk of Kiltearn during the last three decades of the 19th century could omit reference to Macvicar. Donald Macvicar came to the parish as schoolmaster at latest by 1871, for in that year we find him acting as Registrar. The new Scottish Education Act, establishing compulsory education, the parish school board system, and new schools, came in 1872, so Mr. Macvicar became the first headmaster under the new regime. He was a strict disciplinarian, and an excellent teacher. The impression he made still endures. He left Drummond School to emigrate to Canada with his family, a few years before the end of the century. In the first forty years or so of the present century the great majority of those who had been taught by him were to the fore; his name very often cropped up. His pupils are now a sadly diminished number; but they still talk of him with a respect which the years have mellowed to affection - with a pride even,

as much as to say, "I was one of Macvicar's pupils!" To delinquents he was a terror. What was his attitude towards dunces I do not know. To the child of average ability he was an encouragement, if often a harsh one; to those who had somewhat more in them he was a spur, and no gentle spur if he thought needful.

If the proper function of a teacher is to extract the best from his pupils,  
Macvicar was surely an ideal teacher.

### Ministers

The Rev. Wm. Watson became minister of Kiltarn in 1875; he was then a young man of 32 years. He had lectured in Mathematics in Edinburgh University for some time ere he turned to divinity; or it may be that he taught Maths after completing the divinity course. The Rev. Wallace Brown, who later was parish minister in Alness, was one of his students. Both were men of warm human sympathy. I did not know Mr. Brown very well; but I remember his rich mellow voice, to which it was a delight to listen, whether he spoke from the pulpit or privately.

Mr. Watson brought to his duties in Kiltarn a mind cultured and temperate; he was a gentle man as well as a gentleman in all his ways. He had a humourous turn; I remember how, when I was a boy of eight or so, he shocked me by telling me that he had been on the spree; and, a little later, divulged, chuckling, that during a visit to Berlin he had been on the river Spree. He had been a keen player of draughts in his earlier days, I do not know whether he continued to play afterwards. When he came to Kiltarn a scant half-dozen families attended his church. He suffered rebuffs and trials during the first twenty years or so of his ministry; for the froth and fury of the Disruption lingered in the hearts of some, who were still able to look on a minister of the Established Church as one deserving only to be spoken ill of. Mr. Watson bore it all with a firm patience; those who sought to attack him, few at most, and of poor repute among their own fellow churchmen, wearied, or died off. Through those years he built up his congregation, and when the century ended he had a well-attended and flourishing church. Kindly, courteous, he recognised no distinction between those of his own and those of any other church on his walks abroad. He was an old man as I remember him; his beard, long, white with some lingering traces of brown, his tall agile looking figure, must be familiar in the memory of many still. In the pulpit he was a figure of grave and earnest excellence. Out of it, a boy growing through childhood into youth could appreciate the twinkling eye, the friendly attitude - the respect with which the ageing minister and scholar treated a young and so-vastly ignorant a personality. Mr. Watson it was who hastily approached the Novar estate, when Cladh Curitan, the old burying-ground above Assynt, was about to be planted with trees, and prevented the desecration. He died in July 1914, after a brief illness; he was 71 years old.

The Free Church minister in Kiltarn when Mr. Watson came - 1875 - was Rev.

Dugald Matheson, a married man with a young family. His family made the manse a happy centre for their friends of like age. Mr. Matheson and his family passed away, and in 1884 Rev. Murdo Macqueen came from his eight-year long term at Tarbert, Loch Fyne. He was then 36 years old. I recollect him as he was during his last years - he died on the day after New Year's Day 1912 - a shortish stoutly-built man, clean-shaven (or perhaps he had slight side-whiskers), his head covered by reverend white locks. Even a boy could sense that there was character in the man - determination, forcefulness, leadership, a stubborn, an unyielding adherence to first principles. He was an epitome of some - not indeed of all - of the qualities which had predominated in those who led the Evangelicals out of the Church of Scotland in 1843.

It was during Macvicar's time that Mr. Macqueen, on his way into the village from his manse opposite the school, met a boy, son of one of his flock, going to school. He stood and addressed him, "What is your name, my little fellow?" To his immense surprise - and to ours too - the reply he got was "Go to Hell!" The shocked minister could only express himself in one word, "Oh!" The boy dashed away: why he had spoken so remained locked in the secret places of his own mind. Mr. Macqueen went on into the village, did his business there, and returned - not to the manse first, but to the school, to the schoolmaster. The succeeding scene has been described to me by an eyewitness. Macvicar opened the door of the boy's classroom, stood in the doorway. His eye ran over the benches. The boy, as soon as the master's eye began its search, knew - knew dreadfully. He squirmed, he wriggled, he tried to shrivel up behind the desk. The awful eye came upon him at last - rested. It held him for a brief and agonizing space; then, "Come!" And, amid a cold silence - the silence of his teacher and his class-mates, who knew nothing, but could feel that some awful deed had been committed - the miserable little sinner walked out - staggered out, should one say? - to meet his doom.

Mr. Macqueen was Moderator of the Free Church in 1904; a well deserved tribute to his gifts.

Like all Free Church ministers, he was a powerful preacher, in his utterances sparing of none. Often, on a Monday morning when two adults met, their conversation would begin, "Did you hear what Macqueen said yesterday?" or "What did Macqueen say yesterday?" Of course sometimes they said "Mr. Macqueen". But it was not derogatory to the man that they dropped the Mr., there was only one Macqueen in the parish, in the North, in the world; he was "the" Macqueen, a symbol, a pillar, a great leader. Not always were his utterances of a basically religious nature. One winter Sunday morning the roads were ice-bound. And next day all the parish knew - and it lodged in a small



boy's memory - that what Macqueen had said at the morning service, was that the old women should not make the ice an excuse for absence from church, that they should draw stockings on over their boots, and come.

The dreadful impact which the wars of our more advanced period made on so many homes was a thing quite unknown in the 19th century. Here and there a lad would choose to go into the services, serve his term, and return home at last with a small pension - not enough to live on but enough to pleasantly augment what he could earn. Those "pensioners" were to be found in many places. There may have been several in Ferindonald; we know for certainty that one lived in Evanton and died there, for his widow's lament on his death has secured for him a niche in the memory of the community:- "Ochone! ochone! - Pig sick; Sandy dead: live so long and die so soon, three days before the pension: Ochone! the like never came on bone!"

At least one Evanton man went through the Crimean War as a piper; he was Sandy Munro, a son of Andrew Munro, the carpenter in Hermitage Street. He did not make the army his career, probably he found service in peace time too boring for an active mind; we find him as a piper to the Duke of Argyll, and it is on record, that on the occasion of a visit to the West Indies, when the Duke landed, the big good-looking man from Ferindonald, splendid in Highland dress, quite dominated the ceremony of reception, and was indeed thought by many to be the nobleman.

During those later years of the 19th century the housing of the district underwent great change. The thatched roofs of Evanton and Alness were rapidly giving place to slate. The larger houses, that now grace Balconie Street in Evanton, were being built. The Bailie replaced his single-storey thatched cottage with that which now stands, in 1880. A little earlier Hugh Munro, the Postmaster, built the neighbouring house on the west. The corner house, where one turns into Chapel Road, was renewed about 1870. Not all houses, however, were being fitted with "all" modern conveniences. After Major Jackson bought Swordale, he took an interest in bringing all the properties on the estate up to date. It came to be the turn of the Rhidorrach shepherd's house. Johnnie Stewart from Achterneed way was then shepherd there; he was a single man, and employed a housekeeper. The Major had a water closet fitted. Soon after, his lady came on one of her visits, and said to the housekeeper, "I am sure you find the water-closet a very great improvement". The housekeeper's answer went delightedly the rounds, "Oh yes, Mrs. Jackson; but there was always plenty of room on the hill."

Evanton has always had its share of ne'er-do-weels, drunkards, and the like. Such a one was Ally Truagh, the despair of his widowed mother. Truagh is a

Gaelic word meaning wretched, pitiful, and from it we may gather the hopelessness of Ally's case. Once the poor old mother came alooking for him. Now, how a negro came to be in a remote rural village like Evanton, is beyond conjecture; but there a negro was, there in the pub, a hob-nobbing with Ally Truagh. The poor old mother looked in; and when she saw the black man, her shriek reached high Heaven:- "Oh, Ally, Ally! I always dreaded that you'd fall into the hands of the Devil; and now he's got you!"

### The riot of 1900

The wonderful 19th century was gliding on; it was near its end. Rain and sun, grave and gay, had passed over Ferindonald. What, to cap the long story? What else, than that event, which in Evanton and elsewhere was for so long after - even unto this day - spoken of as The Riot. It took place on 27th November 1900.

There was at that time a movement for union between the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church. A minority in the Free Church were strongly opposed to this union. Mr. Macqueen was of this party and his congregation was of like mind, save for a handful. That feelings would run high on such a matter seems odd, sixty years later, when our differing sects are on quite friendly terms and the public have so many other interests that they are little troubled by religious controversy. Towards the end of 1900 the pro-Union party arranged to hold a meeting in the Diamond Jubilee Hall - then a new building, as its name indicates - to put forward the advantages of union. On the appointed evening, a crowd gathered outside the Hall. It was in the main composed of less reputable elements, to many of whom, it is likely, religion meant little.

Forty-seven years later, one who had been an onlooker told me, how a respectable old man, who had spent many years in the Transvaal, and was not long retired to his native village, was in the Novar Arms that evening, enjoying his customary dram, when word came in of what was going on up the street. It was more likely the talk of it, than the dram, that moved him; at any rate, it ended by Big John Cameron swinging out of the bar, declaring his intention to go up to the Hall "to fight for my God."

When the speakers arrived they were booed, and even assailed with clods. Then came the Novar factor, Mr. Meikiejohn. When he was also assaulted, it became obvious to the Evanton policeman, Constable George Mackenzie, who had with him the Alness man. Constable Paul - the presence of the latter indicates that the authorities anticipated some trouble - that they might not be able to keep control, and a report was sent to police headquarters at Dingwall.

Someone (I was told in Evanton in 1959) ran along to tell Macqueen. He came along so far as the bottom of Chapel Road, where he could both hear and see the rumpus. Then he turned and went home.

The crowd worked itself into a frenzy; the noise was such that the speakers in the Hall could not be heard by the few who had been able to get in.

It was about this time that a boy of three years old, who lived in the upper flat of "The Verandah" of Florida Place, at the end next the street, directly opposite the Hall, was wakened by the commotion. He was carried to the end window, whence he looked down on the stormy scene, indistinctly lit by the oil lamps of the street. He related what he saw, and especially what he heard, to his small store of natural-history knowledge: he knew that wolves went about in howling packs; in one of his picture-books was an illustration of the pack around its prey. "It's the wolvis!" he declared; and for long after he would tell visitors how he had seen "the wolvis" out there in the street.

The demonstrators tried to get into the Hall; the two policemen were able to prevent this. Windows in the building were smashed. The steadfast courage of the policemen was worthy of high praise. And here came reinforcements - how the horses must have galloped those six miles from Dingwall! The sight of so many uniforms restored the rioters to their senses. The siege was lifted: the attempt to hold the meeting was abandoned, and the people in the hall were taken under police escort to their homes or to a safe distance from the centre of the disturbance. The ringleaders - at least one woman was among them - appeared later in court in Dingwall, and were duly fined. So fell the curtain on the Riot.

#### The supernatural

An old Evanton friend, of a generation earlier than mine, used to say prettily, "I never go out at night, but there is a ghost here and a ghost there." She spoke in jest, for she was not noticeably superstitious. Yet she was not ashamed to admit, that after dark she did not care to go along Balconie Street, past the entry between Ivybank - old Hugh Munro the post-master's house - and the Macallie's to the east of it. Why? - for no reason at all, save that in the gap was the carpenter's shop, where coffins had been made for a century and more.

In the old days all these coffins were made on the spot, when ordered - that is to say, at the time of the death. So quite often a certain amount of evening work had to be done; and during a large part of the year this called for artificial light. This was always got from candles; a bit of board, with three or four nails stuck in, made an efficient candlestick. It could be foreknown when a coffin would be required, on which evening work would have to be done, for a glimmering

unearthly light could be discerned in the workshop, when no man was within and the place was closed for the night. I have myself seen this ghostly illumination, from the nearness of the yard. Small wonder that the passers-by of an age ago would hurry their steps and avoid letting their eyes stray into the opening and towards the window of the shop.

During a September week of more than ten years ago, I was on holiday in Boath. One day my friend and I walked through Strathmore to Glenglass, and stayed in that familiar area longer than we intended. Homeward faring, we just managed to get through the boggy part half a mile or so out from Tighnacraig as dusk was falling, and soon after we were in a starry darkness. My friend, who knew the path much better than I, led the way; and in due course we were going over the peat mosses whence generations of Boath crofters have taken their fuel.

Hereabouts I was startled to see a glow about the feet of my guide. Then, dropping back a yard or two, I saw his footprints marked in the same way. Next I looked at my own feet, my own tracks - also eerily illuminated. Then I drew his attention to it-he, with his senses concentrated on the ground ahead, had naturally seen nothing. Long after leaving the peaty soil the glow persisted on our boot-soles. The phosphorescence in the vegetable-derived peat of Boath, the phosphorescence in the wood lying in the workshop in Evanton, one and the same natural phenomenon.

How may an uncanny story originate? I had this one from a Glenglass man, who lived on a croft there with his parents. One dark. Autumn evening, about seventy years ago, he had been visiting a neighbour. On his return, he heard voices in the kitchen as soon as he opened the door, and recognized them as those of two or three lads who's home was at the foot of the Glen. He staggered into the kitchen, and dropped on a chair, showing every symptom of having suffered a dreadful shock. "A little whisky, mother!" he managed to gasp. The whisky was hurriedly brought, and consumed. The room had fallen silent; all attention was focussed on the sufferer; who, after his dram, allowed himself to become more composed. At last he was able to tell what had happened. "I was down there in the hollow of the burn; I had just crossed the bridge, when a great flame of fire rose out of the ground, and flared away into the sky. I never got such a fright in all my born days; how I managed to reach the house, I don't know." Then they talked about it; it portended no good: he who had seen it was sure the Devil had a hand in it. The visitors did not say much; their feelings showed on their faces, for they had still to brave the night, more than a mile of uncanny darkness, to reach their homes. Presently they rose to go; having decided, rather than take the easy and usual way down the slope and over the bridge to the main road of the Glen, to go along the hillside by the croft-houses and down by Redburn - an awkward way, but anything was better than to face the terror down by the burn. They went: and after the door had closed behind them, Mrs. Munro - yes, they were Munros, those friends of mine - turned to her

son, "What's at the bottom of this? I'm sure you didn't see a flame of fire: or did you?" "No, Mother, I did not: but as soon as I heard those loons in here, I knew they'd be going down the burn; and all my traps set along the banks there - they wouldn't leave a rabbit for me!" He had saved his traps from depredation, for that night and many a night to come; and the young fellows had got a tale to carry here and there for the rest of their lives.

The Black Rock and its old story we have talked of already. Above the Black Rock, on the upper side of the Glen road and about a hundred yards west of the Lagvoulin road junction, is the spot called the White Wells. In the old days, a horse-trough took the overspill; horses are no more; and the water pours unwanted into the side-drain. A thick growth of trees on each side of the road makes this part very dark at night. A white figure used to appear here. Although I have never seen such, nor met anyone who had actually seen the apparition - a lady, it was said to be-it was an eerie place to pass. The story went, too, that people who were about to die experienced a great desire to drink of this water; perhaps the story created the craving. I know of one woman of Assynt who was dying; she asked for a drink, and it was brought her. It was not supposed to have any curative effect. Evanton has been supplied from the same source for more than sixty years, but the virtue - or what would one call it? - does not carry through a mile and a half of pipes.

Sometime early in the 19th century a ball of fire passed over Novar estate. Such an unusual phenomenon was accepted as a portent; and when, during several years thereafter, workers and tenants on the estate died "like so many flies" it was further accepted that here was, very perceptibly, if not cause and effect, certainly the warning and the event. So went the story.

It not infrequently happened that the dogs of Evanton, shut up for the night in the sheds of their owners, would set up a barking in the small hours. It was common knowledge, that by tracing the progress of the noise, from the dog that began it, by street and street as each next dog took up the chorus, the route of the next funeral to go out of the village would be revealed.

An Evanton lady who lived in Livera Street was calling on a friend in Balconie Street. She stayed rather late, and was departing within a minute or two of midnight. The parting words of the hostess, as she stood on the doorstep and peered into the empty darkness, were, "Now, Peggy, keep to the side of the road - be sure now - on no account walk on the middle at twelve o'clock." I remember asking Peggy why, when she told me of this. She smiled and shook her head - she didn't know. Her hostess - also a native of the village, born about 1880 - had been most insistent, repeating the advice with emphasis. Who or what took precedence on the crown of the road at midnight? I wondered

afterwards, if it could be the same ghostly procession, whose passage set the dogs a-barking.

So recently as during the nineteen-twenties children of the village have been warned by their mothers not to go near the river, in case the "Vow" should get them. One of those children has told me, that she thought the Vow was a mermaid or water-creature of kindred nature; and that the accumulations of foamy froth - "sailor's soap" we used to call it - which are often to be found on eddy pools by the riverside betrayed where the Vow had been doing the washing. An Evantonian of an older generation remembered of the Vow; her impression being that it was a person, with some sinister connection. Both those people were non-Gaelic speakers, but their parents had a smattering or rather more, and their grandparents a considerable amount of the old speech. The word Vow - pronounced exactly as the English word vow - I felt ought to be Gaelic, or a corruption through English speakers and children's ears of a term originally Gaelic. I was long baffled; but it now seems to me that it is the Gaelic Baobh, which means a witch, a fairy, a she-spirit; or a variation of the same word, Baogh. In the interests of euphony the Gael very frequently pronounces his initial B as V, and I assume that this has happened here; the final GH has been lost in transmission; the resulting VAO has easily become, in English speech, Vow.

The old-time atmosphere in which the ghosts, the witches, the uncanny, flourished, is no more. The people of Ferindonald, the people throughout the Highlands, now find their mysteries and their entertainment in a world far removed from their own doorsteps. We read thrillers; we go to the talkies; we have television. The old world was beginning to disintegrate ere the 19th century ended; the 1914-18 war accelerated its passing; and soon after the motor-car carried us into a new age.

A degree of sophistication, a degree of cosmopolitanism, may be defended. Ever so little too much, and we lose our roots, we lose our heritage. We may indeed gain the whole world; but if we lose our own parish in the process, our loss is greater than our gain.

There was no golden age in the past. We must beware of looking at old Ferindonald through rose-coloured spectacles. There was abundant poverty, and the wretchedness that goes with it; there were poisonous hates and mean deeds, many a sorrow, many a heartache, in the current of the years. The human lot is not all sunshine; fortunately for our optimism, it does seem to us that the sunshine predominates. This we do know of the Ferindonald folk of old, that they loved the things about their doors, that there lay their most intimate interest. They looked at the stars overhead, and were not deluded by the brief meteors of a world alien to their outlook and their understanding of the nature of

things. There were rogues and fools among them, and men of intellect and men of character, as among ourselves; and there was always something deep and abiding in their hearts, of the earth earthy, which enabled them to live as individuals.

All too much concerning them has been forgotten; and the process of forgetting continues, since we have lost the old trick of oral preservation of events. If what I have written helps to preserve a little from the wastage of the years, I shall feel that my writing has been worth while.

Soft rain is falling on old Ferindonald,  
Soft insistent rain from Morie to St. Bride,  
Falling on the cornland, pasture, moorland;  
Grey mist trailing on the dark hillside.

Soft rain is falling on all the friendly places,  
Multavie and Lealty and Cuilzie and Drummore -  
Soft rain falling on our heart's remembering,  
Singing on the hill tops, sighing on the shore.

There they walked before us, they whose names we cherish,  
Their deeds are ours for praising, their fields are ours to reap;  
Laughter they left to us, fancies of their telling -  
Soft falls the rain on the turf above their sleep.

Summer soft the rain falls on old Ferindonald,  
As Time's fingers gentle on the pleasant places there,  
Soft as the music in the names our fathers gave them,  
Bovic and Torr a Voolcan and Corriefoulis and Clare.

## THE STRUIE ROAD

Topography - "Donald Chrink" - Stittenham

Cnoc na Struidh, Hill of the Streams, which dominates the Dornoch Firth five miles east of Ardgay, gives its name to this ancient thoroughfare.

When we speak of the Struie Road nowadays, we think of the 14-mile stretch that extends from Mid-Fearn in the north to the Novar Toll between Evanton and Alness. The original road, as it must have existed for ages, began at Am Bannath, the Bottom Ford. Bonar Bridge gives us the key to the spot on the

narrows of the Kyle of Sutherland. It ended when it came to the Dingwall-Strathpeffer Road, below Brae Farm.

We must not think of it in any sense as in the style of modern roads. Like practically all our Northern Highland ways until late in the 18th century, it was merely a track, rough, narrow, and bridgeless, and suitable only for pedestrians, horsemen, and pack animals.

We may accept that the route, as we know it today, for the most part follows closely the line that it took from time immemorial. We know with certainty of four diversions, made after the era of modern road making reached Ross-shire, in the early part of the 19th century.

Travelling south today, having climbed the Cadha Mor, the Big Steep Path, and gone inland a few hundred yards, we cross a bridge and find that we make a sudden turn to the left, on to the Muie Blairie ground. The older way was shorter, cutting across the angle. At some uncertain date a pack-man was murdered on that part. There are no details. A cairn is said to mark the spot.

Over a mile south of Aultnamain Inn (we used to know it as the Half-Way House; earlier still it was An Tigh Moine, simply The Moor House), there is a noticeable bend to the left. That is new; the old way held more directly, to the right. The story survives, regarding that older part, that there was a woman walking alone, and she had a sum of money on her. A rogue held her up, demanding the cash. She flung the money to the ground, exclaiming, "Take it, you ....!" I will not repeat the epithet she used, and in any case it was in Gaelic, which would mean nothing to most of us. The thief stooped to gather it up. She grabbed a stone, and smashed it down on his head, killing him.

On what we call the Top Road, which holds inland after leaving the main road at Evanton, about a mile along we swing to the left to climb the Teanord Brae.

More than a mile further still, beyond the Ardullie Farm steading, there is a peculiar bend, a double right angle. The stretch between those two points is entirely new. Our old Struie Road ran closely in front of Foulis Castle. Tradition says that a line of trees, some of which are still discernable at each end, marked the earlier route. When the improvements were being introduced, the then Laird of Foulis, Sir Hugh Munro, induced the authorities to adopt the present line. And, possibly as a gesture of gratitude for the removal of the thoroughfare from his front door, at his own expense he built the bridge over the burn below the castle. An inscription to this effect is set on the outer face of the bridge, towards the castle; a peculiar position to choose, as if the intent was that it should not be read by the passing throng.



We may feel quite sure that there was an offshoot, below Tulloch Castle, leading to Dingwall, which was improved and became the approach down Kinnairdie Brae as we have it today. The old way in its continuation swung to the right, and, as already mentioned, came on to the road to the West below Brae. I do not know its precise line. There are still indications that a track came down the hill and passed by the Tower of Dochmaluag. We know that a force of Cromwell's troops for some time occupied the Tower. This sufficiently shows that the position commanded the thoroughfare at the junction below. (See Bain's History of Ross-shire). Some interested local reader - or the Heritage Society - may be able to trace out the path taken by the old road.

I have justly used the word "thoroughfare". Especially was the road a boon to the people of the northern side. While the inhabitants of the east coast lands of Sutherland and Caithness were better suited, when they went south, by the Little Ferry and the Meikle Ferry, there used to be a considerable inland population which was well catered for by the Struie.

The ford at Bonar, which the engineer, Thomas Telford, in his report on the site for a proposed bridge, in 1811, states to be three feet deep at low tide, certainly has its disadvantages. But a ferryboat operated there for a very long time previous to the building of the first bridge in 1812.

Apart from the regular, all-the-year-round traffic, crowds would gather in from all sides to the Feill Eiteachan, the winter market which was held at Kincardine for a year or two and then at Ardgay, after the famous stone, now placed in a prominent position in the village, was brought from the Sutherland side towards the end of the 18th century. The market, now a thing of the past, used to be held wherever the stone might be.

A story linking Evanton and the Feill Eiteachan by way of the Struie Road is still current in the village. Just about a hundred years ago, one of our Evanton coopers approached the carter, Donald Munro, for the loan of his horse and cart to convey a load of tubs and cogs to the market. Donald - he was best known as Donald Chrink, to distinguish him among the dozen or score of other Donald Munros in the parish - willingly placed Sally, the mare, and the cart at the disposal of the cooper. Away over the Struie they went on a fine December morning. Trade was good. With but two tubs unsold, and pleasantly heavy pockets, the cooper thought he had done well enough. He bought six sheep's heads, which he put into the cart with the tubs. He yoked Sally, and, ready to start for home, felt that a dram would fortify him for the journey. He went into either the Balnagown Arms, or one of the refreshment tents. Over the dram he chatted with others, told them somewhat of himself, very likely bragged a bit about that young son of his recently gone to Glasgow, who was doing so well

there. And so another dram, and another dram. When he came out his mind was far away from Sally and the long dark journey over the Struie. He cheerfully walked over to the nearby station, bought a ticket for Glasgow, and in came the train.

And when he reached the great city, he had a dram - had he more than one? - before he sought out Finlay in the workshop. It was Finlay himself who brought back to Evanton later, that his father's first words to him were "Have you seen anything of Donald Chrink's mare Sally?" There was consternation in Evanton.

Search parties took the road to Ardgay. A man missing! A mare missing! A wife and family in a state! Donald Chrink too in a state!

A telegram from Glasgow put the mind of the family at rest. Donald's anxiety lasted longer. But Sally the mare had a good head on her. She knew the road home. She made her way leisurely. Next day she was found in the neighbourhood of Stittenham, with the cart, the two tubs, the six sheep's heads, all in good order.

The Stittenham Inn must have been in its final years about that time; it seems to have gone out of business before 1886. The name Stittenham was bestowed after the Marquis of Stafford bought Ardress estate around 1830; any earlier name is not known, nor is it known if an inn was there before then, but it is probable. The present farmhouse, which used also to be the inn, was built in 1833. All of Stittenham farm ground lies on the further side of the road. And a considerable acreage lying alongside the road, and still identifiable, continues to be known as the drove stance. By the old terms of let and sale, still in force, this area is required to be kept available for sheep going from the north to Dingwall.

It was after sheep became a very important part of the Highland economy, early last century, that this traffic began on the Struie. Earlier, cattle making south had gone by their own drove road, slightly inland. Sheep came this way, and in their thousands. Stittenham was a usual night halt; the sheep rested in the stance, the drovers found accommodation in the inn; sometimes there were so many of them that some had to sleep in the loft of an outbuilding.

The Stittenham stance is associated with the remarkable feat of a drove-master.

A flock of over 2,000 - the given figure is 2,344 - was put into the stance one evening. The men - there must have been three or four at least - as usual went to the inn. The drove-master spent a very enjoyable evening tasting the local make of whisky. And he was still far from sober when, in the morning, as was his normal duty, he checked the sheep while his men brought them out on the road.

"Four short," he declared. The men protested; he insisted: and there was a recount, one of the men checking with him. Four sheep were missing. A brief

search found them, and they moved off, the drove-master bearing his reputation untarnished if not indeed heightened.

That - like the episode of Sally the mare - may be reckoned a modern story. So let us step back about four centuries to the time when Black Andrew Munro was Laird of Contullich. His castle was within bowshot of the road, where the present farmhouse stands. He was known as Black Andrew of the Seven Castles, because he owned that number of scattered properties, each one with its keep. One of them was at Easter Fearn, close to where the road turns inland from the Dornoch Firth. We may ask why Black?

On a savage winter evening he was standing by while his cattleman carried straw into the byre to feed the beasts. "It'll be a wild night on Druirn na Gaoith the night, Laird," said the man. An unlucky remark.

Druirn na Gaoith - Windy Ridge - between Altnamain and Strathrory, is the highest point on the road. "Make up a burden of that straw, Uilleam, and take it over to Easter Fearn. So you'll find out what it's like on Druirn na Gaoith." ordered Black Andrew. What were poor Uilleam's feelings? He had to start off right away, just as he was, on foot, with that burden of straw. Seldom I pass by Druirn na Gaoith but comes to my mind that tough Highlander, struggling through all those miles of gale and drift. He managed it.

Black applies to the Laird's character. Other stories concerning him suggest that he was mad. The Bard of Creich, John Munro (1791-1837), celebrates his homeward journey from Glasgow in Oran Ducha. And a very happy verse he devotes to the last stage:-

Oh we will go, we will go, with joy and cheer,  
Oh we will go, we will go, willingly,  
Oh we will go, we will go, over the Struie  
To the folk our kindred and our friends.

Despite that it was shorn of almost half its length by the completion of the Inverness to Tain main road in 1814, and about the same time by the modernising of the road from Tain to Ardgay, the Struie Road maintained its identity. It was duly brought up to contemporary standard and remained a popular route between North and South until the railway came in the sixties.

It has continued to maintain that identity, even as it has preserved its name. Today a swifter traffic replaces the plodding pedestrian, the burdened packhorse, the later slow horse and cart. What the future may hold we do not

know. But all roads are a part of human history. And of this we may feel sure, that so long as man endures, so long shall endure the Struie Road.

(I am indebted to Mr W. Munro, Clashnabuiac, for much useful information on the Struie Road.)

### THE JACOBITE RISINGS IN THE FAR NORTH

The involvement of clans Mackenzie (Seaforth), Sutherland, Munro, Macleod The death of Queen Anne, and the succession to the British throne of George, Elector of Hanover, in 1714, seemed to offer the Jacobites a good opportunity to restore the Stuart dynasty.

The Risings of 1715 and 1745 caused much upheaval, and receive appropriate notice in the history books so far as the southern parts of the kingdom were concerned. Little happened, it might be said, in this far northern part, comprising the counties of Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness, the homeland of several clans, and differing loyalties.

An impression that "the Highlands" fought for the Stuart claimants may owe itself to the just popularity still enjoyed by a few pro-Jacobite songs, "Over the sea to Skye" and the like, which were mostly composed after the debacle of Culloden. I was amused a few years ago, when Dr. Beeching was pushing his plan to close the railways north of Inverness, to read in some newspaper that the Highlands were united as they had not been since the Forty-five. They were united against Dr. Beeching, no doubt; but the statement displayed an amazing ignorance of Scottish history.

The Highlands were acutely divided, as was the rest of the country. There were reasons, which to an extent were based in religion. But a definite dividing line, in this department, may not be accurately drawn. It is said that the Jacobites were Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and certainly those sects had no grudge against the Stuarts. Whereas the attempts of Charles II to get the Covenanters - the Church of Scotland - to accept his ruling as regards spiritual life scarcely need mention. In my native parish, Kiltarn in Ross-shire, in the Munro country, the parish minister spent a period in prison and years in exile, and the chief, Munro of Foulis, and also his son, endured imprisonment. Those later Stuarts, from James I and VI, were subject to a stupid stubbornness which cost them, in the end, their kingdom.

However, we need not here concern ourselves with those niceties of division. Just previous to the Forty-five, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, a lawyer, and Lord President of the Court of Session, supplied to the Government a Memorandum on the Highland clans, which enumerates the infighting strength. We may accept that his figures could approximately be applied to 1715 also.

The Earl of Seaforth, head of the Mackenzies, whose control extended from Dingwall and part of the Black Isle to the West coast and into Lewis, was the most powerful chief in the North. He could call on 2,500 men. He was a Jacobite.

From the Cromarty Firth northward extended an almost solid Government block.

The Munros, 300 men.

The Rosses. 500 men.

The Sutherlands, under their chief, the Earl of Sutherland, amounted to 2,000 men.

Sinclairs, under the Earl of Caithness, could muster 1,100. There was a small degree of Jacobite sympathy among them.

The Gunns, a small clan, domiciled between Sutherland and Caithness, are not named by Forbes. Some of them were vassals of Sutherland.

The Mackays, 800 men.

The Macleods, centred on Skye, 700. This may include the outlying branch in Assynt, but it was subject to Seaforth.

The Earl of Mar, under cover of a hunting party, held a gathering of northern Jacobites on 27th August, 1715. It was attended by Seaforth. One Sutherland dissident, Lord Duffus, Laird of Skelbo, was there.

On 6th September, the Fiery Cross was sent round. Seaforth immediately sent a summons to his vassal lairds to meet him at Brahan Castle on 9th September. He must have assumed that all those gentlemen - with the known exception of the Laird of Kilcoy - were, as firmly as he himself, of the Jacobite persuasion. (Did he invite Kilcoy? Most unlikely.)

A few of the lairds came to Brahan. Only a few. And they brought him a missive from those who did not attend. This was a letter objecting to the rising because in their opinion the time was not opportune, and stating that they were to stay at home. None of them signed it: and it concluded:- "... though unsigned by us for reasons, we remain, Most Honourable, your Lordship's most obedient and humble servants."

Even within his own household, his mother. Countess Frances, and his wife, Countess Mary, looked upon the enterprise with misgiving, and tried to turn him away from it. But in vain.

He was already busy establishing a camp at Inchrory, in the Strathpeffer valley.

It began to be occupied at once, but there was no sudden rush to fill it. Mackintosh of Borlum seized Inverness on 15th September, and asked Seaforth to garrison it so that he could at once join Mar. Seaforth went there with 400 men next day, and left them to hold the town, under the command of Sir John Mackenzie of Coul. Men came to Inchrory in the slowest of dribbles. The Earl of Mar, anxious to move south before the London government could deploy its forces, was meanwhile urging Seaforth to join him speedily. The while Seaforth was keeping an anxious eye on the North. With good reason, as we shall see.

The Earl of Sutherland had been in London when the Rising began. The Government gave him a commission to take command of all the Loyalists in the North, and with that in his pocket he came by sea, and landed at Dunrobin towards the end of September. To find that his vassal, Lord Duffus of Skelbo, had gone to Inchrory: but no great loss, since he had been able to take with him little more than a score of men.

Sutherland speedily gathered in 300 of his own men, those living nearest the coast. Contingents of Mackays and Gunns came in to Dunrobin. He moved into Ross-shire, where Rosses and Munros joined him. With that mixed force, about 1,200 men, we find him, on 5th October, occupying a line along the lower reaches of the River Averon. He made his headquarters on the field at Alness now known as the Crawl Park.

While here six small cannon, with their gunners, were landed from a Government warship in the Cromarty Firth. They were not put into use, and a day or two later were sent back on board and taken round to the north coast of the Dornoch Firth. At Alness Sutherland also had an addition to his strength come by sea. Seaforth, in a report to Mar, puts it at 600 Grants, 200 from Kilravock, 100 from Brodie, 100 from Culloden, and some Frasers from Stratherrick. Those figures are probably much exaggerated.

Seaforth seemed to be anchored in his Inchrory camp. Then on 7th October Sir Donald MacDonald came in from the west with 1200 men, mainly MacDonalds, MacLeods, and Mackinnons. He had now an army of about 4000 men. He decided to move through the hills and attack Sutherland's force on flank and rear.

On 9th October he went up on to Clare, Munro territory. There some Munros, scouts, were spotted and fired upon. One was wounded in the knee, and died: his seems to have been the only death in this minor campaign. The little army camped on Clare overnight. There was a great looting of the local crofts; two centuries later Munro descendants still spoke harshly of "the rebels" and the destruction of the hen population.

Next day the march - in such country it must have been more in the nature of a straggle - was continued over Swordale and Glenglass, and by way of the Lairig pass into Boath by the headwaters of the river Avern.

Sutherland had timely notice of this movement, and withdrew in good order to the north shore of Dornoch Firth, taking all the boats with him. Seaforth surged down into the low country, thus left unguarded. His army had to content itself with plundering the properties of the Munros and the Rosses. The manse of the parish minister of Alness, Rev. Daniel Mackilligan, who was acting as chaplain to a party of Munros which had gone to join the Government army, was ruthlessly sacked. The words to the tune Caberfeidh are said to celebrate the burning of a hamlet, Baile Nodha, New Town, which was in the Munro country. This place is erroneously supposed to have been Evanton; the village Evanton did not exist until early in the 19th century.

Lord Duffus occupied Tain on the 12th. There was no resistance; the magistrates accepted the inevitable. At the Mercat Cross the Chevalier de St. George (the Old Pretender) was proclaimed King James VIII, with much bell-ringing and toasting and speeches. It is significant that the three to four hundred men under Duffus were Mackenzies, Chisholms and MacDonalds.

Seaforth made an attempt to occupy Cromarty, the principal port in the area. But the Government ship, Royal Anne, was alert in the Firth, and turned its guns on the Jacobites, who withdrew. It is said that during this event the men of Cromarty retreated to the hills of Cromarty; the women refused to go, and stayed, defiant, in the town.

The Earl of Mar was by this time in Perth, and growing desperate at the delay of the reinforcements from the North. Urgent dispatches were daily reaching Seaforth. So, unwillingly indeed, he withdrew. He was at Inverness on 22nd October, and reached Perth on 2nd November. He had only 2000 men with him. The suggestion that the rest had deserted is probably correct.

Immediately on the heels of Seaforth's withdrawal, the Loyalist forces crossed back into Ross-shire. They occupied Brahan Castle, and set up their camp there. There seems to have been no resistance. We can see the Rosses and the Munros recovering most of their own stolen goods, and zest-fully looting the hen-roosts

and pastures of the Mackenzies. Their unofficial plunder is not on record. An official foraging party of Munros and Frasers brought 400 cattle and 200 sheep into the Brahan camp.

On 13th November, under pressure from Hugh Rose of Kilravock and Simon Lord Lovat, Sir John Mackenzie of Coul evacuated Inverness, retreating into Ross-shire where his force dispersed and he went out of sight. On that day took place the Battle of Sheriffmuir. The Government force, under the Duke of Argyle, numbered 3500 men: Mar, who was accompanied by the Old Pretender, had 9000. The result of the battle was indecisive.

And on the same day the Jacobite forces in England surrendered at Preston. Through the severe winter that followed there was much marching and counter-marching, but little if any fighting: and on 4th February Mar, the Pretender, and other notable Jacobites took ship at Montrose and so escaped to France. The rebel army ceased to exist.

Seaforth had been able to make his way home much earlier, and took refuge in his own territory. Most of his troops, Mackenzies and the rest, had also quietly returned and settled in to their homes, those in the east not so comfortably after the ravaging of Sutherland's men. But some small parties held out here and there, and were hunted down and forced to disperse.

Sutherland was magnanimous, and did not wish to push his fellow- nobleman too far. In the result, on 30th December Seaforth wrote a letter of surrender to Lovat. He was thereupon for the time being left in peace. But his estates were confiscated, and he was deprived of the title of earl. Shortly he slipped away to Lewis, and thence was able to escape to France. He returned to Scotland to take part in the Rising of 1719, was wounded in the Battle of Glenshiel, and again escaped to France. When the Disarming Act was enforced in 1724, and the Mackenzies were among the first required to comply. Seaforth sent them an order to obey, which they did. (Neil Munro, in *The New Road*, gives us a picture of this Highland "compliance".) For this direction to his clan Seaforth was rebuked by the Old Pretender; this led him to quit the royal service. He returned to this country, and was able obtain a pardon. But his estates were not restored. He retired to Lewis, and died there, in poor circumstances, in 1740.

Lord Duffus of Skelbo, the Sutherland defector, escaped from Sheriff-Muir. He eventually went to Russia, and was able to obtain a post in the Russian navy. He did not return to Britain.

The years went by. Jacobite intrigue continued, and must have worried the London government. But the country was quiet. And the growth of trade,



although not great, bore a promise of the advances that were to come in with the Industrial Revolution. I would assume that townsfolk, the people who counted, were disinclined to risk such prosperity as was in view on a gamble for a change of monarchy.

Seaforth's heir, Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, was of this mind. His friendship was cultivated by the Loyalists. And the Government was burdened with the control of so many forfeited estates. In 1741 the Seaforth proper ties were got rid of, not by restoration since that would be making it a gift but by his purchase. He paid £22,909-8-3½, (a modest sum, says Bain) and (peculiarly) an annuity of £1,000 to the Countess-Dowager. Kenneth became Lord Seaforth, and resumed the family status as chief of the Mackenzies.

The news of the landing of Prince Charles on the West Coast in August 1745 was brought to Seaforth at night, by Rev. Colin Mackenzie, parish minister of Fodderty. Seaforth did not disturb his wife, whose sympathies were with the Jacobites. He left for Poolewe at once, and there he stayed, untroubled, until Prince Charles's small army had moved southward. And he sent commands out to all his vassals to take no part in the new Rising. The great majority obeyed.

But the Earl of Cromartie, whose property centred principally about Strathpeffer, had ambitions, and disobeyed. He was able to muster 81 men, 4 of those were from his own Castle Leod estate. There were 5 from Tain, and 3 or 4 from Dingwall. This force, his "battalion", was arranged in two companies. One was commanded by his 19-year old heir, Lord John Macleod. (How the surname MacLeod? the family name was Mackenzie & SHY; could it derive from Castle Leod?) A dissident Ross, Alexander, Laird of Pitcalnie in Easter Ross, commanded the other. A neighbour of Pitcalnie, MacCulloch of Glastullich, was with him. They went south with the Prince.

The Earl of Sutherland of the Fifteen had died in 1733, aged eighty. His successor was in close touch with Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session and Government representative in the North. In September Forbes authorised him to be responsible for the area from Dornoch to the North Coast, and to raise a local militia, what was called an Independent Company, which should have its headquarters in Dornoch. Similar bodies were being raised elsewhere. Lord Reay raised companies to guard his own area, and also sent 2 companies, 60 to 70 men in each, to Dornoch, under command of William Mackay of Borgiebeg.

Thanks to the Jacobite move south, the Highlands were left in peace for the following half-year.

A few Gunns, and a few Caithness men, were with the Jacobite army; and it is surmised that some of those Gunns lie in the Culloden grave marked "Mixed Clans". As against that, 120 Gunns, under their chief, Alexander Gunn "MacHamish", made part of London's Highlanders, a regiment raised by the Earl of London for the Government. It was on the south side of the Moray Firth in March/April 1746, and some of the companies are supposed to have fought at Culloden.

Sir Robert Munro, the chief of the Munros, had been on the Continent, in command of the Forty-Second, the Black Watch. This regiment was brought back to the south of England in November 1745. Sir Robert was then given command of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, which was engaged in the Battle of Falkirk on 17th January 1746, when Sir Robert was killed.

While the Jacobite army made its slow way south and a quicker withdrawal, the small body stationed in Dornoch had to endure a boring winter. It was a discontented Company; it had little to do. There were continual desertions. At one point the Loth men went home en masse. One Sunday the minister of Rogart saw in his congregation some men who should have been at Dornoch. He challenged them and they told him that they'd be going back "tomorrow". In February 1746 the Earl required his factor, Clunas, who lived in Craikaig Castle, to send him to Dunrobin thirty-eight of the fittest men in Kildonan and twenty-five from Loth. Perhaps we may sympathise with those restless men, spending weeks stretching into months doing nothing.

But the Jacobite army was drawing near. About 15th March the Earl of Perth, one of its leaders, crossed the Moray Firth in a fog and landed at Dornoch. He is said to have captured "two weak half-starved companies" there, and sent them to Inverness. (This may be inaccurate.) The Earl of Sutherland, wisely under the circumstances, told his Company to go home, lie low, and watch. He went over the sea to Banff with a part of his forces, joined Cumberland, and was present at Culloden. The Earl of Perth met no opposition. He occupied Dunrobin Castle. His stay was brief. He went back over the Firth to rejoin the Prince, handing control of the northern area to the Mackenzie Earl of Cromartie; whose son, Lord MacLeod, was holding Skelbo Castle. The object of this incursion was, apparently, two-fold. It was intended to prevent men from going to reinforce Cumberland, and there was some expectation that recruits might be gained.

No recruits were forthcoming. The local men hid their arms and waited. Foraging parties plundered freely. One such party not only took what they wanted from Gordon of Carroll's grounds, they also destroyed his house by Loch Brora.

Then Lord MacLeod set out for Caithness. On the way he burned Kintradwell House, a property of Gordon of Carrol. (This may have been a castle or keep rather than a "House" there had been a "castle" or a "keep" there less than a hundred years before.) His force went on, and burned Crakaig Castle, the home of the Earl's factor Clunas. At Navidale there is no record of destruction, but the body of a relation of a prominent Hanoverian supporter, who had recently died, was dug from the grave, taken to his house and deposited in his bed.

In Caithness Lord MacLeod looked about for men. Between twenty and thirty were willing. But they were "indifferent recruits", and he did not accept them.

However, some men from the Loch Broom area, who had taken all those months to make up their minds, came overland and joined him. With that small addition he returned to Dunrobin.

Three days before Culloden, Cromartie got a hurried summons to join Prince Charles. Next morning all were assembled. The lower ranks were sent ahead to Little Ferry. The officers went back into the castle for a final glass of wine.

The local militia had been, as instructed, lying low and watching. Here was their chance. They pounced. They surrounded and entered the castle. The officers surrendered without more than token opposition. Then under Sergeant John Mackay, a Golspie innkeeper, they followed up the lower ranks, who were waiting at Little Ferry for their leaders. There were 178 of them; they too surrendered with very little resistance. It is on record that all were taken prisoner. But a tradition from the uplands of Alness parish says that two or three were able to get away. When passing by there they were in the act of stealing a man's horse, some neighbours came up and frustrated them, so they had to c

A Government sloop-of-war, the Hound, was in the Golspie area. The Earl of Cromartie, with his officers and his men, was put aboard and sent to Inverness, where they were landed two days after the battle.

While those pro-Government elements in our Northern Highlands - north of Inverness, that is - did not have a specially active fighting part in either Rising, it is evident that the part they did play was of importance in bringing about the defeat of the Jacobites.

In 1715 the holding operation which so drastically delayed Seaforth's reinforcing of Mar was a very considerable factor in bringing to nothing Mar's projected dash southward.

The holding operation in March and April 1746 served to deprive Prince Charles of a significant part of his strength.

A few words on the after-careers of the Earl of Cromartie and his son.

Cromartie was sentenced to death. Much influence, and a direct resort to the King, won him a pardon on 9th August 1746. But he was forbidden to return to the Highlands, and had to spend the rest of his life in "exile" in, Devon, where - like Seaforth of the Fifteen - he existed in poor circumstances.

Lord John Macleod was also granted a pardon, on condition that, on attaining his majority, all claim he had to his father's possessions should revert to the Crown. He then went to the Continent, and spent twenty-seven years in the Swedish Army. Coming back to this country in 1777, he was received favourably by King George III. He raised a regiment, the MacLeod Highlanders, and commanded it in India in 1779 and after, reaching the rank of Major General. He returned home, and was restored his forfeited estates on payment of £19,000. He died childless in 1789, and the property went to a cousin. Captain Mackenzie of Cromarty.

Of Alexander Ross, Laird of Pitcalnie in Easter Ross, who joined the Jacobites, he survived the battles, and years later was living in hard-up conditions in the south of Scotland. Of his neighbour, MacCulloch of Glastullich, there is no record so far as I know.

### ROB MOR REARQUHAR

A Strong Man from Loch Glass Side, Robert Munro, Loch Glass.

Sometime early in the 18th century, a prize-fighter from England was making a professional tour of the North, staying a few days here and a few days there, long enough to give such natives as cared a chance to try their skill against his.

In due course he reached Ferindonald, the Munro country, and, as was the hospitable way of the Highlands, he was given a lodging in Foulis Castle. We are not told whether any of the local men accepted his challenge.

It was the custom in those days, and for fully a century after, for rent to be paid in kind, that is, in the produce of the croft or farm, and in labour on the landlord's fields. It chanced that, during the boxer's visit, a string of garrons, each one laden with two panniers of peats, arrived at Foulis from the Loch Glass area. After the steward had taken delivery, the men in charge of the convoy were brought into the Castle kitchen, and a good meal was put before them. While they sat there the burly stranger from England strolled in among them.

"Which of you fine fellows is going to fight me?" he challenged. They laughed at this, as they did not take him seriously. He was nettled, and picked on one of them, a very big fellow, although still in his teens. "A big chap like you, you're not afraid surely?" "I have no quarrel with you," the lad told him. "If that's all, I'll give you a reason," said the boxer, and he spat in the lad's plate. This had no effect - the young fellow was of a quiet, peaceable nature; and besides, the man was the guest of his chief, so in a sense his person was sacred.

A second time the other spat, and still the insult failed its hoped for result; but the victim must have been boiling. For the third time the boxer's spittle landed in the plate of food, and that was too much. Up rose the young fellow, grabbed hold of the bully by the neck and legs, and pitched him bodily on to the huge kitchen fire, with such a force that his back was broken on the top rib of the grate.

The lad from Loch Glass was Robert Munro, better to be known in after years as Rob Mor Rearquhar. This story is but one of many that must have been current concerning him up until a couple of generations ago. Unfortunately, as has happened to so much of our folklore, little remains now to tell us of this Samson.

Rob was of good stock. He was sixth in the line of headship of the Munros of Milntown of Katewell; and through the cadet branches of Coul and Balconie, and then of Ferryton of Obsdale, was a descendant of George, tenth Baron of Foulis, who was killed at the battle of Bealach nam Brog near Garbat in 1452. His father, John Munro, was a man of standing, and it is on record that Kiltearn Kirk Session "appointed him an informer to report to them regarding the behaviour of the people in his district on 20th February, 1719" (Mackenzie's "History of the Munro's"). John sold the Milntown of Katewell property and went to Rearquhar. Our Robert was either born there or taken there when quite young, for he was only in his teens when he overthrew the prize-fighter.

This place Rearquhar, which was his home for most of his life, is on the Novar side of Loch Glass, well over a mile from the lower end of the Loch; it is no more than a name now. There are many places like it among the Highland hills, where only tumbled walls, and mounds of earth and stone, and green patches that still resist the encroachments of the heather, remain to tell that people once had their homes there and won a living in what seems to us most unfavourable conditions. Its eastern boundary appears to have been a wall which runs up the hillside from the Loch shore, and it is note-worthy that Rob is credited with having built it, and having himself handled many of the huge stones in its structure.

A story referring to a date after his father had died and Rob Mor had succeeded him in Rearquhar, also gives us an indication of his character as well as of his strength. His cattle had been out on the hill grazing for a long period and he required them to be brought in to be sent to the market. His men went out to round them up, and when they came in with the herd they had to report that there was one bullock so wild that neither they nor their dogs could handle it, they had perforce to leave it on the hill. (I have an idea that his "men" were young fellows, better to be called herd-boys). Rob said nothing by way of reproach. He just took a stout stick and went off in search of the beast. He returned an hour or two later, seated on its back, and it was as docile as a lady's pony.

"The quietest beast I ever came across" he laughed, leaping off at his door. The herdsmen protested that every time they had tried to go near it, it had charged them and made them run for their lives. "So too it charged me when I first went near it," said Rob Mor, "But I waited for it, got a grip of it by the horns, twisted its neck and had it on its side on the ground before it knew what was coming to it. Then I straddled it and when it rose there was I up astride. Every time it turned to go one way I gave it a touch on the nose with the stick and made it go the other way. It didn't take long to learn that I was the master."

It is fairly certain that Rob would be sending his cattle to Beauly, to the market called Feill na Manachainn; it was a principal centre of affairs until the Muir of Ord market superseded it about 1820. I understand it used to be held about once a month. Sometimes, tradition says, Rob would have only a calf to sell; he would put it in a bag, sling it over his back, and walk to Beauly, a distance of well over 14 miles even as the crow flies. His journey would take him by the ford at the lower end of Loch Glass, up the long slope of moor and over Allt na Caorach and on into Strath Skiach; then probably down one way or another to Dingwall, and from there on by the line more or less of the present main road. And after the market was over, the same way home again, a lighter load now in his bag, sweets and cakes for the bairns, a fancy comb or a piece of silk for the wife.

Rob was carrying a boll of oatmeal home from Foulis Ferry. It looks as if there had been a poor harvest, and meal would be brought in from the south by sea.

He would normally have his own grain ground at the mill at Achnatunnagan, opposite Eilanach. A trick was played on him at the Ferry, an iron weight was put in the bag. He was feeling the worse of this, and thought it was in himself, his strength going due to advancing years. Passing through Glenglass he had to halt and rest, and said to himself, "Oh, Rob, you're getting done." (In Gaelic.) He must have been relieved on getting home, when the weight was found in the bag among the meal.

In his later years, Rob Mor left Rearquhar to take up his abode at Bogandurie beside the Skiach, and there he died at a ripe old age.

DONALD MUNRO, Bonesetter of Knockancuirn  
A local bone-setter

When I was a small boy in Evanton, there were many - a dozen, maybe a score - of Donald Munros in the parish and its adjacent districts. To mention the name would bring the immediate query, "Which Donald Munro do you mean?"

Within a couple of hundred yards of my own home there were two men of that name, between whom it was always necessary to differentiate, one being Donald Chrink, the other Donald Heamish; and Donald Nore had departed this life from within the same narrow limit before I was of an age to notice such matters.

Donald Munro of Knockancuirn had his by-name like the rest. He was Danny Knockan - we used to pronounce it Kronkan - it derived from the farm where he had been born, and of which latterly he was tenant. And it is still as Danny Knockan that we speak of him when I foregather with any of the older - and often not so old - natives of the parishes of Kiltearn and Alness.

His family had its roots firmly in old Ferindonald, the country of the Munros. Robert Munro, 14th Baron of Foulis, who was later to be killed at the Battle of Pinkie in 1547, had given to his second son, Hector, the properties of Fyrish, Contullich, and Kildermorie. A grandson of this Hector, one Hugh, who died about 1668, settled on his sixth son, also named Hugh, "the lands of Tullochue in Kildermorie." ` I cannot locate Tullochue. This is Mackenzie's spelling in his "History of the Munros." John Munro - of whom later - writing in 1845 gives us Tolachu, a combination of Gaelic words which give an entirely different meaning. George, second son of Hugh, received no patrimony. Doubtless Tullochue was too small to split up. We find him tacksman to Fyrish. A tacksman was one who took a lease, and let off portions of the area - we may say crofts - to others, retaining for his own use sufficient to work profitably. George died about 1756. His oldest son, John, generally known as Ian Mor, that is Big John, succeeded him in Fyrish.

Some time after, Ian Mor gave up the tack of Fyrish, and took the tenancy of Knockancuirn, with the adjacent farms of Torbuie, Achleach, and Teachait.

Mackenzie says that he took the latter three, "and subsequently of Knockancuirn, all on the Foulis Estate." John Munro, however, speaks of him as "once tenant of Torabeudh, Achleidh, afterwards of Teachatt." I think that John is the more likely to be correct, and that Knockancuirn, the natural centre-piece of the farms mentioned, would have been taken in the initial tenancy. At any rate, Knockancuirn was the farm retained, Achleidh and Teachait had other tenants, and Torbuie, which I cannot identify, was perhaps merged into Knockancuirn. Mackenzie says that Ian Mor died in 1790; John Munro says in 1797.

He was succeeded in the tenancy by his oldest son, Robert, who was born on 12th July, 1774. Robert was a bonesetter, the first to be mentioned as such in the family. He died of typhus fever on 10th November, 1836. His oldest son, John, to whom we are indebted for the valuable paper already referred to, was born on 4th January, 1805, and succeeded to the tenancy of Knockancuirn on the death of his father. Mackenzie writes of him, "He was a famous bonesetter, and his services in that direction were much sought after."

John writes in 1845: "Nine years since my father's death, and my possession of the farm of Knockancuirn. To which was added the lands of Upper Katewell occupied by Wm. Sim since 1815 at Whitsunday, 1844. My lease of Knockancuirn was renewed for ten years at a rent of £160 plus £2 for road money. The stock on the farm: 7 work horses, 8 cows and calves, 1 Shorthorn bull, 30 yield cattle, 20 ewes and lambs, pigs and poultry in proportion. John died unmarried, on 11th February, 1877.

Donald, our Danny Knockan, the subject of this memoir, was the seventh son of Robert. He had been born on 15th November, 1824, and succeeded his brother in the tenancy, he being then fifty-three-years-old.

How he had been occupied previously I do not know, but undoubtedly it would have been in agriculture. It is highly likely that he would have been living with his brother and working on the farm; and learning the bonesetting through practice with John.

Mackenzie, who was acquainted with him, thus describes him; "Like his father and eldest brother, he also is a famous bonesetter: is an intelligent and skilled agriculturist, takes a great interest in local affairs, is Quartermaster Sergeant of G Company of the 1st Administrative Battalion of the Ross-shire Rifle Volunteers, and is unmarried." Mackenzie wrote this during the 1890's; his "History of the Munros" was published a few months after his death in January,



1898. Knockan was one of those hardy volunteers who endured the never-to-be-forgotten ordeal of the Wet Review. He was a member of the Wester Ross Farmers' Club of which for some time he was vice-chairman.

Of his appearance, my recollection is of a pleasant face set in a bushy frame of white whiskers and beard. A cheerful man; the smile, and the twinkle in his eye, suggest to me now (it was not a thought to occur to a boy) that his patients would find in him that effective "bed-side manner" that we like to associate with our doctors. A portrait of him, made when he was about seventy, shows his hair as brown slightly flecked with grey. He was of average height and substantial build. He was on the closest friendly terms with my granduncle and grandaunt, and my father who was brought up by them and lived with them at 11 Balconie Street in Evanton until his marriage. Those Munros were his first cousins. There used to be a hitching ring set in the wall by the door of the carpenter's workshop; and some old Evantonian said to me, quite thirty years ago, that the ring had worn thin through being used so much by Danny Knockan, who always tied his horse there when he came into the village. He travelled much on horseback earlier, but by the time I knew him it was always the horse and gig.

One aspect of his nature showed in that he used to let "wandering folk" have a night's shelter in his barn, and supper and breakfast as well. This did not cover tinkers, who, of course, had their own tents. But there were regulars on the road in those days. There was the old man we called Ali Noochkan, a native of Boath, whom we sometimes saw passing by, a bag slung over his shoulder, and a grunt coming from him every few yards.

Then before my time there was "Henny the Muic," who took the countryside with her sow and "coolans" (piglets). Somebody once spoke to Danny of the risk he ran of those people smoking and setting his barn on fire: he rejoined, that they'd never burn his barn because they knew that, should that happen, there wouldn't be a barn in the Highlands open to them. But I incline to think that from such as were smokers he would confiscate tobacco and matches in the evening, and return them when they were departing in the morning. Such was the treatment meted out to Ali Noochkan when he enjoyed the hospitality of a certain Edderton crofter. That would have been the general accepted thing.

### "BLACK POT"

The discovery of a distilling "black pot" on the Knockancuirn premises after Danny left raised the story that he had engaged in the illicit trade. I asked the late Hugh Macnair about this. He told me that Danny brewed beer, quite legally; but did not make whisky. The pot must have been lying unused for long long years; it may have been used by father Robert, or grandfather Ian Mor, when

whisky-making was quite a respectable secret sideline, and lairds of the highest repute are known to have purchased it by the gallon from their tenants. Sometimes my father would accompany Danny on his visits to patients, and he notes those occasions in the diaries which he kept from 1871 to 1889.

### SOCIAL SIDE

Before I come to them, I quote an entry which gives us a glimpse of his sociable and social side; it is illuminating in more ways than one. It is dated Sunday, 10th January, 1887.

A dance - which my father had not attended - had been held in one of the rooms of the school a few days before. "At Church, Macqueen preached, and said that if Enoch was where he stood he would have raised his voice against the Dancing Ball that the Moderates had in the School, and his people had not the manliness to say they would not go. And a lot of bash like that. The F.C. Treasurer, J. Ross, and one of the F.C. Office bearers Danie Knockan, were the Leaders; and only six of the E.C. men were there, while from forty to fifty couples were there."

Rev. Murdo Macqueen had come to the Free Church in Kiltarn in June, 1884.

Dancing was but one of several social activities in the parish, which encountered his disapproval. By Moderates he meant those who attended the Established Church. I do not know what office Danny held in the Free Church. Regarding the use of the School for a public dance, it would certainly have been with the approval of the School Board. Not long after Mr Macqueen was elected a member of that body, and that would effectively stop the use of the School for dancing.

### CURATIVE ACTIVITIES

A slight idea of the scope of Donald Munro's curative activities we may gain from the following extracts:-

1881 - Saturday, 26th March: "Annie Ross from Rosskeen and a cousin of hers came (to 11 Balconie Street where Knockan met them) to get some bones put right. Danie and I to go along on Tuesday to Newmore, to meet Annie's cousin and give her another turn."

Tuesday, 29th March: "Afternoon gone with Danie to Newmore, saw Annie and the girl with the broken shoulder, and had tea and a chat with the girls. Came back to Alness, heard a lecture from McLean, Ardross, "Heathenism in Ross-shire," a very good one." (Mr Roderick Maclean, the Ardross factor, was a popular lecturer; he spoke often to the Kiltarn Literary Association, later named the Kiltarn Mutual Improvement Association).

1883 - On Monday, 27th January, he went to Alness with Knockan to attend the funeral of Mrs Mackay of the Commercial Hotel. Afterwards "went with Danie to see some of his patients at Alness."

Thursday, 14th June - My father was at Knockancuirn doing some repair work. "Danie had to go across to Swordale to sort Big John's ribs."

1884 - Wednesday, 11th June: "Went to Park with Knockan to see Wm. Munro, who got his leg broken today at the wood. Bound the leg and got home by half-past-twelve."

Monday, 4th August: "At night gone with Danie to bend D Munro (Blackbird's) wife's arm, which was broken." I have no idea who this man with the by-name Blackbird may have been: another Donald Munro?

1887 - Friday, 30th September: Here we have a long entry. The Channel Fleet was in Cromarty Firth. Knockan and my father went to Invergordon, and they were aboard in turn the Monitor and the Curlew. "When we came ashore we met with Gibson, and went to Paulins, and saw there the effects of strong drink, every one trying which would be the loudest to speak. We had lemonade. Then Knockan went to see some of his patients. We had tea at Miss Fraser's (Kate Colins), her hand was very bad since seven weeks, but after Knockan gave it a handling she thought it a little better. After a pleasant day we left Invergordon about 7 o'clock. We had a fine run coming home, stayed some time in Alness, and got to Evanton about 9 o'clock."

Over a long period it was his custom to hire a room in a Dingwall hotel on Market days, I think it was every fourth Wednesday. There people who wanted his attention could find him. Of course, those who were able to do so went to Knockancuirn.

By chance a mere few years ago I learned of the esteem in which he was held by other bonesetters in the North. I was chatting with John Cameron, a native of Cawdor, who has for some time been living in Brora. When he was quite a young man, early this century, he was very well acquainted with Simon Macbain, a Nairnshire farmer, and a bonesetter, whom he sometimes accompanied. Once Simon was speaking to him of the various bonesetters whom he knew or knew of - this one good, that one not so good, and so on, he went over four or five; John couldn't remember their names. Then he told John a story of a bonesetter along Evanton way, who had a very difficult case, and sent a message for Simon. Simon got the call while in a saleyard in Inverness, and at once responded. He was met by the man - I suppose he came by train - and was taken to the patient. Between the two of them he was put right. "And that man," Simon finished his story, "is in my opinion the best bonesetter in the North." "And you can't remember his name?" I asked. John shook his head; close on seventy years had gone by since he heard it. "Would it be a Donald Munro, a

farmer near Evanton, we used to know him as Danny Knockan?" I ventured.

"That's the very man!" John declared with emphasis.

None of those private practitioners took any payment for their services.

In 1895 an event occurred which I cannot better describe than by quoting an announcement to the local public:-

"Proposed Testimonial to Mr D Munro, Knockancuirn.

"A movement has been set on foot to present Mr Donald Munro, Knockancuirn, Evanton, with a Testimonial in recognition of his many excellent qualities as a countryman and a friend.

"His services as a bonesetter are well known, and the cheerful manner in which he gives his time in this respect is such as to commend him to everyone who has had either direct or indirect knowledge of him.

"An influential committee has been appointed to promote the movement, with Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, Bart., as Convener, and M A M Ross, "North Star" Office, Dingwall, as Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

"Contributions to the Fund will be received by either of the gentlemen named and publicly acknowledged. - Dingwall, Feby., 1895."

A good sum of money was collected, and the result was that Danny was duly presented with his portrait in oils.

About ten years later he was presented with a driving whip and a pair of driving gloves. I am not sure whether this was a further recognition of his bonesetting work, or a gift from the Wester Ross Farmers' Club, of which he had been a member of long standing; I fancy it would be from the latter.

Eventually, feeling the burden of the years, he gave up Knockancuirn, and retired to a cottage on the Katewell ground, with the ageing Bell, who had been his housekeeper for a long time.

The end was near. For some final weeks he was confined to bed. He was ever a man who valued his tidy appearance, and he had my father trim his beard for him a few days before he died early in March, 1911, being eighty-six years old.

A great concourse attended his funeral to the Alness Churchyard, where for close on four centuries his ancestors had been buried.

## SOME SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS OF KILTEARN

The earliest school, 1717 - Drummond parish school - "Miss Munro's School" (the Chapel) - Kiltarn school of 1877 - Headmasters of the parish

On the eve of the opening of a new school in Kiltarn parish, the following sketch should be of interest. My special grateful acknowledgments for much of the detail are due to Mrs Gascoigne of Foulis, who has allowed me to peruse documents in her possession, and to Mr Hugh Macnair, Evanton, whose reminiscences have been most valuable.

The earliest school in the parish, of which we have any record, was established in 1717. I cannot do better than quote from the History of the Munros, page 495, a few lines regarding George Munro, a laird of Lemlair in the first half of the 18th century. He was an elder in Kiltarn and exerted himself, with other heritors, to get a school erected in the parish, and to secure a "legal allowance to a qualified school-master." In this he was successful. The first schoolmaster chosen was Robert Robertson, "student in philosophie," who was appointed on the 27th of May, 1717." I think we may be reasonably sure that this school was in the village of Drummond.

We next hear of the school as it was in the last decade of the 18th century, when the parish minister, Rev. Harry Robertson, wrote :- "Adjoining to the village of Drummond is the parish school, which is commonly attended by 60 or 80 children, and often by a greater number. The salary paid by the heritors is a chalders of barley, and, as precentor and session clerk, his emoluments will amount to about £4, besides the quarter fees paid by the pupils, which are as low and moderate as anywhere in Scotland; English being taught for 1s per quarter; writing. 1s 6d; Arithmetic, 2s; and Latin, 2s 6d. It is no more than justice to say that the education of youth is at present conducted at the school upon the most approved plan, and with correspondent success. To which we may add that, besides what is usually taught at grammar schools, several other branches of science and literature are taught here, such as the French language, geography, geometry, book-keeping, and the different branches of practical Mathematics. This deserves the more to be remarked, because so few country parishes are favoured with similar advantages for educating their youth."

It should be further observed, that throughout the period of the old-time educational system in Kiltarn as elsewhere, each pupil carried a peat to school during the seasons when a fire was necessary.

Drummond village lay between the Evanton/Foulis road and the river Skiach, roughly from a line opposite the present school for two to three hundred yards westward. The parish school of which we have definite knowledge, was in the

eastern part of this area. Here it continued, as we shall see, until after the middle of the 19th century. Evanton, founded early in the century, took over from the older community all its importance as the parish centre at an early stage, so far as population and trade were concerned. But Evanton did not draw the school away from Drummond. It was a low thatched cottage, with little if anything to distinguish it from the other buildings.

After Dr. Harry Robertson's good account of the school there is a silence for about forty years. Then, in 1837, we find John McLenon master. All we know of him is his name, and as given it is probably misspelled. At the same time there were two other teachers in the parish probably both in schools in Evanton, but of them we have only the names, Donald MacGregor and John Sutherland. I have no clue as to their schools. Apart from the parish schools, which were the responsibility of the heritors, there were other schools throughout the Highlands, run by different organisations: In Ross-shire, in 1825, the Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge had 13 schools; the Edinburgh Gaelic School Society had 5; the Glasgow Gaelic School Society had 5; the Inverness Education Society had 12. Some of these may have been establishments in Kiltarn parish. In addition there could be found schools run by private persons.

We know a little more of the master, who probably succeeded Mr John McLenon. He was a Mr MacDiarmid, and he was in charge of the school here about 1850. He was known by the by-name, Bodach Muilinnfhuaran (pronounced Moolinooran), which means Old Man of Millwell. The exact site of this Muilinnfhuaran I cannot exactly place; it was on the Drummond side bank of the Skiach, probably whereabout the distillery used to stand; certainly somewhere between Drummond village and Katewell; it had its own house or two with a tiny population 200 years ago. When Mr MacDiarmid took up duties here I do not know, nor even exactly when he left, but he either retired or went to another post in the early 1850's. About twenty years later he visited the parish and doubtless had his own thoughts on the changes wrought by time. His successor was Mr George Mackintosh, who also became Parish Registrar in 1855, when the new system of registration of births, etc., was introduced.

Tradition relates of him that he had a very small head. On one occasion he had an encounter with Bard MacRa. What he said to the bard we do not know; but the bard aptly shot back at him the old saying: "Ceann mor air duine glic is ceann circ air amadan," that is, "Big head on a wise man, and hen's head on a fool." (Of this Bard MacRa I know next to nothing. Mr Walker, farmer of Fyrish, one day caught him putting his big head in the well there, and reproached him for not using the tin cup - one used to sit by every well. MacRa immediately composed a poem on the matter. MacRa ended his days by hanging himself, at the old graveyard Cladh Curitan above Assynt Farm. Being

a suicide, he was buried outside of the Kiltarn Churchyard. I cannot say if any of his verses are still extant; I have been told that the manner of his death brought his works into disrepute).

It is likely that the one roof covered both school and schoolhouse in the earlier days. But an account of 1854 suggests that at that time and for some time previous the master occupied a separate dwelling. The account is docketed, "Rent paid by the Heritors of Kiltarn, for a house in Evanton, occupied by the parochial Schoolmaster from Martinmas 1853 to Martinmas 1854, and for repairs made on the parochial Schoolhouse."

The house in Evanton belonged to Mr John Mackenzie, merchant, and the rent for the year was £8 8s. The charges for repairs to the Schoolhouse are thus itemised:- Andrew Munro, carpenter, Evanton, 16s 6d; Donald McCombie for carriage of clay, 8s; William Tolmie for carriage of clay. 1s; George Munro, thatcher, 13s 4d; Mr Allan, Drummond, for straw, 10s 3d; Incidents, 2s 11d. Total - £2 12s. This shows that the repair was principally thatching; and that the dominie had to be a year out of his house makes us suspect that tradesmen of a century ago were dilatory.

Those charges for rent and repairs were the concern of the Heritors, the landed proprietors in the parish, and a rider to the statement of accounts shows how the figure of £11 was divided among them, based on proportion of the valuation of their estates. The estates only are named, not the owners, and are Foulis, Mountgerald, Novar, Swordale and Clairmore, Balcony, Weavis, Milton, Tulloch.

So Mr Mackintosh got back into his house at Martinmas 1854. But the house and the school were unsatisfactory for modern times, and he had scarce time to settle down ere schemes were afoot to move him and his pupils. On 17th August, 1857, a specification was drawn up of "School and Schoolmaster's House to be at Drummond," and on 16th August, 1858, Duncan MacLennan put in an offer to the Heritors. I cannot trace where Duncan lived, the amount of his offer, or whether he secured the contract. At any rate, the buildings must have been put up very soon after. They were on the site of the present School and Schoolhouse. The School, attached to the east gable of the house, consisted of one room, internal dimensions 36 ft. by 18 ft., the door with a porch being towards the road. The house was a modern type, and was substantially the basis of the present one, with sitting room, parlour, kitchen, servants bedroom and small spareroom (or scullery) on the ground floor, two bedrooms and a large closet above.

Mr Mackintosh sent in notice of retirement from those pleasant quarters on 11th October, 1870. On Sunday, 16th October, the parish minister, Dr Alexander Maclean, intimated from the pulpit that there would be a vacancy. On 29th November a meeting of Heritors fixed Mr Mackintosh's retiring allowance at £35 per annum, and advised him that the house would be required for a new Master not later than Whitsunday, 1871. After the meeting Dr Maclean, in pursuance of his duties as Clerk, drew up an "Apportionment of Mr Mackintosh's Retiring Allowance among the Heritors of Kiltarn according to the Rentals of their respective Estates," and his schedule is of interest:-  
Foulis:- Rental - £1272 4s 6d; Salary Yearly - £14 2s 9d. Lemlair - £372; £4 2s 10d. Swordale - £216 15s 10d; £2 8s 0½d. Mountgerald - £383 10s; £4 5s 3d. Novar - £367 6s 4d; £4 1s 7½d. Balconie-£174 13s 8d; £1 19s 3d. Weavis - £166 9s 1½d; £1 17s. Milltown - £112; £1 4s 11d. Tulloch - £82 10s; 18s 4d.  
Totals:- Rentals - £3149 9s 5½d; Salary Yearly - £35.

A half-yearly column was also included, so that Mr Mackintosh would be able to draw his pension twice yearly. After the education act of 1872 those responsibilities were transferred from the Heritors to the School Board and the ordinary ratepayers of the parish. It is pleasing to note that Mr Mackintosh was still enjoying his pension in 1889.

Mr Mackintosh's successor, early in 1871, was Mr Donald MacVicar, some of whose pupils are still to the fore.

At this point we have to look at another school in the parish.

The Chapel in Evanton had been built by the United Secession Church in 1824. Failing to gain the local support hoped for, the Church gave up the Chapel in 1841. It would have been about this time that the estate of Balconie passed from John Mackenzie or his heirs to a Miss Munro, who founded a school in the Chapel, which came to be known as Miss Munro's School. This Miss Munro was of the Teaninich Munros, a natural daughter of Hugh Munro (1768 - 1846) who succeeded to the Teaninich Property in 1788. He lost his sight at the Battle of Nimeguen in Holland, when 24 years old, being then a captain in the 78th Regiment. He is remembered as "the blind General"; in fact it was a younger brother, John, who became a Major General in course of long service in India. John bought the estate from Hugh in 1831, and Hugh, an unmarried man, retired to Coul Cottage.

The story told of Hugh is that, in later years, remembering this daughter by an Ardross girl who had been a servant at Teaninich, one day he had his coachman drive him to the Ardross district. As they journeyed he questioned the man as to where they were and who they met or passed. In one field a girl was working.

"Is she a bonnie lassie?" Hugh asked. "Ay, she's bonnie," the driver replied,



"and she'll be a good housewife, for she can keep one eye on the kitchen and the other on the drawing-room," a roundabout way of letting his master understand that she was cross-eyed. Hugh knew her to be his daughter. He took her home, brought her up a lady, and eventually bought Balconie estate for her.

A youngish man, named Hobbs, was teacher in Miss Munro's School in 1871. He had the new parish schoolmaster, Mr McVicar, to tea on 17th January, 1871, my father being also of the party.

Next year, the Education Act brought about a complete re-organisation in Scottish parishes, many of which as we have seen had one or two or more schools in addition to the parish school. In Kiltarn, Miss Munro's School continued for some years. Mr Hobbs left it to become Headmaster at Melvich in Sutherland, in February, 1874, and was succeeded by a Mr Davidson. We get a glimpse of Mr Davidson's quality when he delivered a lecture on combustion to the Kiltarn Literary Association on 29th February, 1876. He left in August 1876 and with his going Miss Munro's School ceased to exist as a separate institution.

Mr McVicar with his pupils abandoned the Drummond one-room school in September of that year, and took up their quarters in the Chapel. This was in order that new premises would be built at Drummond.

The arrangements for the building of the new school were in hand in November 1874. But there were delays. A letter from the Scottish Education Department, Whitehall, London, S.W., to Kiltarn School Board, dated 20th March, 1876, states that the Department would authorise payment of £726 9s 9d towards cost of erecting School buildings and their appurtenances, with a residence for the teacher, and towards furnishing the schoolrooms. If a Certificate (I assume that buildings were completed) were not presented within 18 months, that is on or before 20th September, 1877, the Grant would be treated as lapsed. The letter concluded, "The sealed Plans (5), sealed Specification and Tenders (6) are returned herewith." John Mackenzie, Clerk to the School Board, sent a letter of acceptance from his Dingwall office on 29th March, 1876.

We can deduce from the later correspondence that the project was for the enlargement of the one-room school, and improvements to the Schoolhouse. And we find, too, that Mr Mackenzie had his worries in the matter.

The Secretary of the Board of Education wrote from Edinburgh on 2nd November 1876:- "I regret to observe from Form 41 that no progress has been made with the enlargement of the Public School ..... for which your Board received the sanction of the Board of Education on 24th November 1874 .....As

regards the enlargement it is stated that the Mason Contractor is entirely responsible for the delay; but without further explanation this statement cannot be accepted as satisfactory. In November 1875 your Board reported that "it is expected the works will be proceeded with early in Spring next" - and I have to request your Board to explain how it happens that nothing has yet been done."

To which Mr Mackenzie replied, on 9th November 1876:- "The explanation I gave in Form 41 ..... was given briefly. The Mason Contractor had on 18th April last, signed the usual contract for his part of the enlargement, but up to the date of sending you the Form he had not commenced operations, and consequently he prevented the other contractors from proceeding with their contracts, so that no progress has been made. I need hardly say that the failure on his part was regretted as much by the Board as by any other, but until recently they would not adopt legal measures to compel him to begin the works although he had on various occasions been written to in peremptory terms by the Architect, and Law Agent of the Board and by myself. A more than usually strong letter, however, by the Law Agent to him about a fortnight ago has, I am glad to say, had the result of inducing him to begin work, and I have now to report to you that the work has been commenced and that I expect it will be proceeded with now with dispatch."

Mr Wm. C. Joass of Dingwall, the architect, submitted a report on suggested improvements and necessary repairs to the schoolhouse on 23rd April, 1877.

Mr Mackenzie wrote to the Scottish Education Department in Whitehall on 10th September, 1877, explaining that, in the interval between dates of tenders and acceptances by his School Board, "prices of building materials and wages had increased very much. The Board had no alternative, but to submit to the demands of the contractors in this matter. You will observe that two of them were out of the field and that two new ones had to be engaged ..... As the works were being proceeded with it was discovered that many defects existed in and about the Master's dwellinghouse. Having the tradesmen on the ground the Board at once ordered everything to be completed. The expense will not come to more than £100, for no part of which it is intended to make any claim unless the Department would give it a favourable consideration." The initial grant had allowed only £43 for improvements to the residence.

Eventually the financial settlement was, that the Grant of £726 9s 9d stood. Authority was given to the School Board to borrow £450 from the Public Loans Board, to cover extras including the building of a wall round the entire property, this loan to be repaid in sixty equal half-yearly instalments, with interest at 3½ per cent. per annum.

Mr McVicar put in a cramped year in the Chapel, with the pupils from the two schools.

On Monday, 24th September, 1877, Master and pupils assembled at the Chapel for the last time, and marched to the Drummond School, which was thereupon formally opened. The School and Schoolhouse were on that day practically as they were to remain for fifty years, when various additions began to be made.

It is interesting to note from the Abstract of Accounts of the Parochial Board for the year ended 14th May, 1889, that Mr McVicar's salary was £229 0s 7d; in addition he drew £5 as Registrar. His assistant, Miss Hannah Fraser, earned £55.

## REMEMBERING BARD MACRA

A local poet

For almost all of my information concerning this poet, who must have been well-known in the district in the early half of the last century, I am indebted to the late Mr. Hugh Macnair, Livera Street, Evanton. I had never heard of him before Hugh's first mention, and I think, but for Hugh's retentive memory, any knowledge of him would be completely lost.

Macra is, of course, Gaelic for Macrae. He lived at Balavullich, a row of two or three cottages at the top west corner of the top west field of Assynt Farm - the field in which the filter station is now sited. A hundred years ago this field was called Top Town - a near enough rendering of the Gaelic "Balavullich", township of the ridge or height. At least one of those cottages was still in occupation about 1870.

Of the Bard's exact dates we are uncertain. Hugh (born 1873) told me that he was "before my time." Record of his death does not appear in the Alness Parish Registers. That system of registration began in 1855, so he was dead before that year.

George Mackintosh became Master in Drummond School, by Evanton, about 1850. It seems that Macra was then alive, for it was with Mr. Mackintosh that he had a wordy encounter. The Bard had a large head, and the master twitted him on this. But it happened that Mackintosh's head was on the small side, and Macra shot back at him the saying: "Ceann mor air duine glic, ceann circe air amadan," which means "Big head on a wise man, hen's head on a fool."

Continued on Page 9

In the Ross-shire Militia List for 1827 - it is a list of men liable to be called up for service in the Militia - I have found:-

No. 97 - John Macrae, Farm Servant, Assynt.

No. 98 - Robert Macrae, Farm Servant, Assynt.

The Bard's name was Robert. I think we may reasonably assume that No. 98 is our subject; No. 97 might be his father. So we arrive at approximate dates: born around 1810; died shortly after 1850.

Gaelic was widely spoken in those days, at least as much as English. It is likely that all Macra's compositions would have been in Gaelic. As to their survival, Hugh thought that some written pieces had been in the hands of two sisters, the Misses Annie and Katie Matheson, whose father had been miller (the last miller, I think) at Balavoulin. When I knew them they lived in Evanton, and both are gone over 30 years. Hugh added that, on account of the manner of the Bard's death, his work fell into disfavour, and people would not be concerned to keep it in remembrance.

Hugh was able to remember two pieces. We are obliged to Mrs. Morag Munro, Livera Street, Evanton, who recorded them to his recitation.

In the course of a walk, Macra came to a well close by Fyrish Farm-steading, and took a drink. The farmer, Mr. Robert Walker (whose name is in the 1834 list of voters in Alness Parish), reproved him for putting his head into the well instead of using the tin cup that sat beside it. Macra retaliated with:-

'S ann aig Walker tha an tobar salach,  
Chan 'eil e fallain bhi ga ol;  
Bhuaith fhein a tha sruthadh am puinsean,  
Is na connspeachan ga ol.  
Ach, Walker, tha do cheuman a fas goiridh,  
Is tha maol tighinn air do cheann;  
Chan aite comhnuidh Fyrish dhuit  
'S an oidche nis ann.

A rendering in English-

It's Walker has the dirty well,  
It's not healthy to be drinking it;  
From it there is streaming the poison,  
And the wasps are drinking it.

But, Walker, your step is getting short,  
And baldness is coming on your head;  
Fyrish is no dwelling-place for you  
And the night now in it.

The last line signifies that night, that is death, is at hand for Mr. Walker. But the farmer survived for several years after the demise of the Bard.

Hugh's second piece referred to an occasion, when Macra was at Muir of Ord Market and fell in with another poet, Bard Cononach. (Am Bard Cononach - Donald MacDonald (1780-1832), native of Strathconon. See Prof. Watson in "Ross and Cromarty" p. 118, and Prof. Blackie, "Language and Literature of the Highlands", p. 263). This conversation took place:-

Cononach: Tha box tabac aig adharc mart aig Rob Macra am Bard.  
Macra: Tha box fir fial 's tha thus a failteach 's fhear choir gabh gu leoir.

Which translates, freely:-

Cononach: It's a snuff-box of cow's horn belongs to Rob Macra the Bard.  
Macrae: It's the box of a kind man and you are welcome. So, worthy man, take plenty.

(I am no Gaelic scholar, and have had help with these. Should an expert query the soundness of the construction, and the translation of tabac as snuff, I take this to be a case of local usage.)

The Bard fell in love; he being a Bard this might be expected. There is uncertainty as to the lady. Hugh thought she might be Miss Munro, daughter of "the blind captain", Hugh Munro of Teaninich, who bought for her the estate of Balconie, in, I think 1838 or 1839. At any rate, it was a hopeless passion; and the outcome was that Rob hanged himself from a tree in the old graveyard, Cladh Churadin, a few hundred yards along the hillside from Balavullich.

When he went missing, a neighbour, Hugh Urquhart, better known as Am Brebadair Bodhar (Braypter Bower), the Deaf Weaver (a good pious man, Hugh told me), was aware in some occult way of what had happened, and told those concerned where to look. As the body of a suicide could not be laid in consecrated ground, Bard Macra was buried in Balconie ground, on the other side of the river from Kiltarn.

Perhaps his shade is not grateful to us for dragging his story back from the oblivion into which it had so nearly fallen forever. Yet those scanty remains

show that he had somewhat of the stuff of poetry in him; and to such mankind owes tribute, if it be no more than a sigh.

### DR. ROBERT MUNRO

A doctor of medicine with leanings towards archaeology

(Sources:- Dr. Munro wrote his autobiography during the last year or two of his life. He left it in manuscript; it was printed in 1921. From his niece, the late Mrs. Margaret F. Souter, I have had some family information. My special thanks are due to Dr. Fanny B. Chisholm, Strathpeffer, whose assistance in providing material has vastly aided the writing of this sketch.)

About 1830 there was a wedding in the farmhouse of Teachatt, in the parish of Kiltearn. The bride, Catherine, was a daughter of Robert and Isabella Munro, Robert being tenant of the farm. Her groom was Donald Munro (Macally), who was then farm manager of Swordale. Catherine's mother, Isabella, was a daughter of that John Munro, still remembered as Ian Mor, Big John, who in his time held the tenancies of Knockancuirn and some adjacent farms. In Mackenzie's "History of the Munros", his ancestry is traced back to the House of Foulis. Mackenzie's reference to this marriage, page 461, line 6, is incorrect, in that he has Catherine down as Christina. Donald Munro shortly left Swordale for Assynt, I presume to be employed in a similar position.

There were three daughters of the marriage, one of whom was to become the mother of a lady well-known in Dingwall in our time, Mrs. Margaret F. Souter, wife of Bailie George Souter of Drynie and of St. Ninian's in Castle Street. The only son, Robert, was born at Assynt on 21st July, 1835.

At Assynt Robert grew to young manhood. We can see him as an active country boy, his time out of school well occupied in roving the neighbourhood. He snared rabbits and he caught trout - salmon, too, maybe-which were welcome additions to the family diet. For the angling he made his own flies, and on occasion he used the otter on Loch Glass and lesser lochs further afield. (The fishing appliance called the otter had not yet been banned as illegal.) He would go warily along the banks of the Black Rock, aware that it was a haunt of Satan, and sometimes wondering what strange power in past ages had been able to rend the solid stone. Up by Balnaceardaich - it was Colin Dingwall's croft then, not part of Assynt farm - he may have asked if it was there that the blacksmith, Robert Miller, had plied his trade, close on three centuries earlier, while his

daughter, Marjorie was frequenting the company of the local witches, learning the arts which were eventually to take her to the bonfire.

There were his indoor interests too, of course. Long before he left school he was reading the monthly Chamber's Journal. Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters" had the powerful attraction of its local setting. And, shape of things to come, came his way, Lyell's "Principles of Geology". It was clear that he was a lad of somewhat more than average intelligence.

He had his education first at the Free Church School in Kiltarn parish, and was for a final two years in Tain Royal Academy. He won so many prizes at the latter that, in his own words, "my parents actually began to entertain the idea of my going to college - of course as a preliminary step to the ministry. But the question of finance barred the immediate carrying out of the project."

It was not very unusual, in those days prior to bursaries and similar grants, that aspirants to University training, who lacked sufficient financial backing, should spend a part of the year working, as a rule in a teaching post, and with the help of the meagre savings so obtained attend a session of classes. This was the course adopted by Robert Munro. In between spells of teaching he went to Edinburgh University, and so gained his M.A. degree in 1860.

At this stage he abandoned the idea of entering the ministry - he tells us that this was the result of his reading Darwin's "The Origin of Species", which was published in 1859 - and decided to follow a medical career. He took the degree of M.B., Ch.B., and in 1867 was given the post of assistant in a country practice in Ayrshire, which he held for two years or so.

He then had the opportunity to go on a six-month tour, as a tutor-companion to the son of a local magnate, as far as the Middle East. It was a leisurely trip, covering France, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Austria and Germany. On his return he was able to take over what he calls "a large and lucrative practice", in Kilmarnock. He added to his professional degrees by taking that of M.D. in 1871.

Kilmarnock possessed a Philosophical Institution: and its officials soon discerned an asset in Dr. Munro. He lectured on various subjects in the natural sciences. A series of lectures on his six months tour provided the substance of his first book, "Notes of a Tour in the East", which was published in Kilmarnock in 1875. In the same year he married, Anna, daughter of one William Taylor, who had directive interests in two small local engineering companies.

An event in archeology, which took place almost on his doorstep in 1878, was to be of prime importance in the direction of his future career. The Lochlee Crannog was discovered and excavated. He took a leading part in this operation, which turned his attention to similar sites both in this country and elsewhere. So in 1879 he became a member of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and on 10th March of that year read his report on Lochlee to a meeting of the Society.

The Lochlee experience led on to the writing of his first scientific book, "Ancient Scottish Lake-Dwellings or Crannogs", published in 1882. This is a volume of 325 pages (which include an index of 12 pages) and is plentifully illustrated.

In 1879 Mrs Munro's father died, a comparatively wealthy man. Dr. Robert took over his father-in-law's duties as Chairman of the two companies already mentioned. They flourished and expanded, and in 1899 they amalgamated under the name of Glenfield and Kennedy Ltd. On his retiral from the Chairmanship of the Board of Directors in 1917, his fellow Directors wrote into a minute appreciative of his thirty-seven years of service:—"They also wished to record their sense of personal regret at the cessation of that kindliness of spirit, good fellowship, and trenchant but always friendly criticism which characterised alike his counsel, concurrence or dissent".

Dr. Munro himself wrote in 1919, regarding his finances, "With the proceeds from this Company and judicious investments out of my savings I have hitherto been able to square all my accounts on the right side."

We now see him as a very busy man, indeed over-busy. Attention to his practice took first place. Business made calls upon his time. To his private researches into the ways of ancient man he turned when he could. In 1885 he was made President of the West of Scotland Branch of the British Medical Association. The result was that his health suffered. "In 1885 I began to be troubled with a persistent and painful form of dyspepsia, which medical diagnosis pronounced to be caused by functional disturbance of the digestive organs due to physical exhaustion and mental overstrain, the only rational treatment of which was prolonged rest and change of environment."

He decided to retire from medical practice. To some friends who protested, he said, "I divide my life into three periods, during the first I struggled hard for my education, during the second I served the public to the best of my ability, and for the rest of my life I mean to please myself."

January 1886, found his wife and himself in Rome. His dyspepsia began to be eased at once, was quite gone in a few weeks, and does not appear to have ever



again troubled him. He attributes this cure to the relief from mental overwork, the genial climate, and "the value of the olive oil so largely used in Italian cooking." Thereafter he was able to devote himself to those studies nearest his heart.

On giving up his Kilmarnock practice he settled in Edinburgh, which remained his home centre. But there was a hankering after the quieter amenities of the countryside, and in 1903 he bought a villa in Largs as a summer residence.

With his wife as constant companion and assistant, he travelled widely in Europe, everywhere investigating the relics from which could be deduced the ways of prehistoric man. In July, 1897 they began a round-the-world trip which lasted for seven months.

His book on Scottish Lake-Dwellings was but the first of an impressive list within the same province. In 1888 he gave the Rhind lectures, of which an elaborated version was published in 1890, under the title "The Lake-Dwellings of Europe". International appreciation of this work was shown in 1908, when a French translation was published in Paris. In 1895 appeared "Rambles and Studies in Bosnia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia". It describes an account of the Congress of Anthropologists and Archeologists which was held in Sarajevo in 1894. "Prehistoric Problems" came out in 1897. This is a collection of eight essays, the second of which is Dr. Munro's address as President of the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1893. 1899 brought "Prehistoric Scotland, and its place in European Civilisation", which is a work of immense scope, as the second part of the title indicates. There are over 500 pages, the index alone occupies 14 of these.

A peculiar case, which evoked some stir in the archeological world of the 'nineties, concerned the dating of some objects found in the Dunbuie hill-fort and the nearby Dumbuck crannog in the Clyde valley. Dr. Munro touches briefly on the matters in "Prehistoric Scotland". In his next book "Archeology and False Antiquities", (1905) he gives his views, to which came a reply, "The Clyde Mystery", by Andrew Lang. I do not know whether the controversy was ever settled to general satisfaction.

In 1910 Dr. Munro put a novel idea into effect. He approached Edinburgh University, and endowed a lectureship, to be known as "The Munro Lectures on Anthropology and prehistoric Archeology". Ten lectures were to be given annually. The University Court invited the donor to deliver the first course. His first five lectures were on "Palaeolithic Man in Europe". Then he gave five on the "Terramara Settlements in Europe", which, as Dalrymple lecturer in Archeology, he had already, in 1911, given in Glasgow University. Those ten

lectures were published in 1912, in one volume, under the title "Palaeolithic Man and Terramara Settlements in Europe".

The Munro Lectureship continues to stimulate those studies. In October and November, 1974, there were four lectures by Mr. Brian Shefton, M.A., of Newcastle University, on "Hesperides, Hyperboreans and the Golden Fleece; Greek Luxury Objects in the Barbarian World during the Orchaic and Classical Periods", and one lecture by Mr. M.R. Popham of the Institute of Archeology of Oxford University on "The Excavations of the British School, Athens, at Lefkandi in Euboia".

Also in recent years there has been a development: the funds have been sufficient to give grants towards research and exploration. Amongst beneficiaries are the Skara Brae project and excavation in Sparta. Williams and Norgate's, "Home University Library", which has provided fodder for innumerable scholars, in 1914 added to their list, as number 82, Dr. Munro's "Prehistoric Britain".

The final book from his pen came at the close of the First World War. "From Darwinism to Kaiserism", is a scholarly review of "the origin, effects, and collapse of Germany's attempt at world dominion by methods of barbarism". His shorter contributions to our knowledge of the re

Mrs. Munro died in 1907. In his autobiography her husband pays her this tribute: "With her loving companionship for 32 years the acme of domestic happiness was realized to its fullest extent. Moreover, she took part in all my archeological studies and wanderings, and did most of the drawings illustrating my book on "The Lake Dwellings of Europe". He speaks poignantly of the blank which her loss left in his life. But, as we have seen, he filled his last years with undiminished toil in the interests of the science he had made his own.

In 1919, at 84 years of age, Dr. Munro's bodily health was giving way, but his mental faculties were as vigorous as ever. On 19th November of that year, he addressed a memorandum to Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, as Chairman of Ross-shire County Council, suggesting that the water from Loch Glass should be used to develop electric power. He had employed his nephew, a Glasgow engineer, to examine the area and estimate the costs. A dam was proposed at the lower end of Loch Glass (where, over thirty years later, a dam was built) and another at the upper end of the Black Rock. From there a pipe would take the water through the chasm to a point somewhere below the lower end, where a generating station would be built. The suggestion came to nothing.

One sentence in Dr. Munro's memorandum is worth quoting for the beam of light which it casts on his youthful activities. "The gorge is about one and three quarters miles long, about 100 feet deep, and so narrow that in many places it may be crossed on the branches of overhanging trees - a feat which I have frequently performed".

His services to scientific research were widely recognised. Honorary membership of Societies in Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, and the U.S.A., are among the distinctions awarded him. In 1901, he received the Hon. Degree of L.L.D. from the University of St. Andrews. Eleven years later his own University of Edinburgh conferred on him the same degree. He died on 18th July, 1920.

The boy from Assynt had gone far. Ross-shire has reason to remember him with pride.

## NOTES ON THE LAIRDSHIP OF ARDROSS

### A history of the Ardross estate

References. History of the Mackenzies, by Alexander Mackenzie (Mackenzie).

History of the Munros, by Alexander Mackenzie (Munros). Memoirs of a Highland Gentleman, by Evander Maciver (Maciver). A Paper on the Parish of Rosskeen, by Roderick Maclean, Factor of Ardross, given to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, on 7th April, 1886 (Maclean). Some Mackenzie Pedigrees, by Major Duncan Warrand of Ryefield (Warrand). Any other references will be specified in the text.

The Ardross which is familiar to us, as it existed during most of the 19th and well into the 20th century, was a substantial estate in the parish of Rosskeen, in the County of Ross.

Ardross, in Gaelic Ard-rois, means Heights of Ross, states Professor W.J. Watson, in his Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty, and he goes on "Blaeu's Ardross is the water-shed between Easter and Wester Ross, which may have been correct in his day". The Blaeu maps were published during the first three-quarters of the 17th century. In his History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland, the professor gives Ard-rois as Height of the Cape. Cape, promontory, is one of the meanings of the Gaelic word ros.

A "water-shed" suggests a wide hill district, scarcely an estate with definite borders, or even indefinite borders which sometimes called for adjustments by impartial outsiders. Such a district, which might comprise two or more estates, ancient Ardross may have been.

Hugh Ross, Laird of Achnacloich, a year or two after 1633, "occupied a large portion of Glackshellach as a shieling" (Maclean). We may assume that he owned the whole of this narrow glen, an extension of Strathrusdale; such of it as lay outside of his grazings would be crofts held by his vassals, as still indicated by the remains of buildings and tiny patches of old arable. This same Hugh was appointed a Commissioner, which invested him with certain legal powers, in 1633 or 1634; and in 1635 he got a charter of the lands of Tollie from Charles I (Maclean). "The lands of Tollie were part of the patrimony of the Chapel of Kildermorie" (Prof. Watson, Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty). Ardross Castle stands on the site of Tollie House (Maclean).

Hugh Ross of Tollie sold Ardross to Alexander Mackenzie of the Achilty Mackenzies in 1644 (Mackenzie). Thus we arrive at Ardross as an estate in 1644, and may now move to this Mackenzie family.

Murdoch Mackenzie of Achilty, who was of the Dundonnell Mackenzies, had a son, Murdoch, who entered the Church, and became minister of Dingwall. He was frequently at odds with the Presbytery, and was eventually deposed about 1639. From this time or earlier he was owner of Pitglassie and Kildun. He continually harassed his successor, Rev. John Macrae, interfering with his working of the glebe. At last, being threatened with excommunication, he made public repentance, and, in December, 1651, desired to come to an arrangement with Mr. Macrae. His oldest son, while acting as messenger between his father and the Presbytery, "confessed to having been with Montrose" (Warrand). In 1655 a younger son of Rev. Murdoch's, who was studying for the ministry, "petitioned for part of the allowance from the vacant stipend of Fodderty," to which the Presbytery replied, that "Mr Murdo Mackenzie, sometime minister of Dingwall, who is father to the said William, is powerful to sustain in college, without any support of any other." The Rev. Murdoch died at Ussie in 1656, and was buried in Dingwall.

Alexander, Murdoch's oldest son, in buying Ardross from Hugh Ross of Tollie in 1644, became the first Mackenzie to be commonly known as Fear Ard-rois. While fear in the ordinary Gaelic usage means simply a man, it also bears this distinctive sense of a chief, a laird. For instance, the Earl of Sutherland, chief of the Sutherlands, who were the Cat clan, is called Mor Fear Cat, Big Man Cat, in an inscription on a stone on the little bridge at the end of Golspie. Fear Ard-rois, on the face of it Man of Ardross, in fact signifies Laird of Ardross.

Some flaw, or apparent flaw, in this sale of 1644, gave rise to a lawsuit between the Ross family of Tollie and Achnacloich and the Mackenzies of Ardross, which lasted through four generations. It was concluded around the middle of the 18th century. We are told that it ruined the Rosses, and involved the Mackenzies deeply in debt (Mackenzie).

On the death of his father Alexander inherited Kildun and Pitglassie, which he sold. He married Janet, a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Gairloch. They had six sons and one daughter. In 1664 or 1665 Alexander's younger brother, William, became minister of Rosskeen. Mr. Maclean, whose source is apparently traditional, gives his name as John, otherwise his background is correct: "... a few sentences about the Episcopal Minister of the parish. His name was John Mackenzie, better known as Iain Breac", brother of the first Mackenzie of Ardross, who was son of the Laird of Kildun, near Dingwall. Mr. John Mackenzie was appointed curate in 1664 or 1665. He conformed in 1689 after the Revolution, and lived till January or February, 1714, a month or two after the chapel of Nonakiln was deserted. The religious instruction of his flock gave him little concern. After the dispersal of the congregation almost every Sunday at Nonakiln, a fair was held for the disposal of cattle, harness, implements of tillage, etc. The curate mingled with the people at these fairs, and occasionally entered into their games. The most noteworthy record about him is that he was so strong as to lift "a firloft measure full of barley (1½bushels) on his loof".

Tollie House was the residence in 1644. At some uncertain subsequent date it was abandoned; and the late Mackenzie lairds made their home at "The Old House" on the hillside a few hundred yards above the main road. So far tradition. What relation the present Old House bears to the original, which was lived in until 1832-33, I do not know. I will refer in due chronological order to a shooting-lodge being built on the site of Tollie House, which for a long time must have been a ruin.

Alexander died on 23rd April, 1674, and was succeeded by his oldest son, Murdoch. He was infeft in the lands of Ardross in 1679. For some reason, which is obscure to me, not until 1710 was he served heir to his father in Achnacloich and other lands in the parish of Rosskeen; and there was a sasine in his favour of the lands of Tollie, also in the parish of Rosskeen, in 1711 (Warrant). He married Margaret, a daughter of John Grant of Elchies in Strathspey. They had three sons and two daughters. He died sometime before 1729. It was in that year that his widow, who had the life-rent of Achnacloich, died in Inverness, where a younger son, Roderick, was in business as a merchant.

It was during the lifetime of this Murdoch that the Nonakiln church was "deserted". Of that church there remains today only a gable. The last service was held in December, 1713, and a bull is involved in the event. This bull belonged to a farmer in the vicinity of Invergordon Castle, and it was too often straying on to the castle farm. The manager, after some fruitless complaints, at last told the owner that the next time it trespassed he would shoot it. On this Sunday morning he had left his house, to go to church, when he spotted the bull. He hurried back, fetched out his gun, and shot it. This delay made him late. The church door was closed and the service in progress when he arrived. Was it a coincidence that, at the very moment that he lifted the latch and stepped in, a corner of the roof gave way, and some thatch tumbled down upon the worshippers! No one was hurt, but everyone rushed out, and that put an end to the service. There was no doubt in the minds of the congregation that this was the result of the manager's shooting the bull, a wicked breach of the 4th Commandment. Early next year the entire roof fell in. The building was left in that condition, since the Rosskeen church, a couple of miles away, was available (Maclean).

But in 1727 the Rosskeen church was also in a bad state. There was argument as to whether it, or the church at Nonakiln, should be repaired. The Lairds of Newmore, Culcairn, and Ardross (this last would have been John Murdoch's successor) were for Nonakiln; Sir Wm. Gordon (after whom Invergordon is named) and others to the east side of the parish were for Rosskeen. The final decision favoured Rosskeen. In the course of this dispute, it was stated that the reason why a church had been built at Nonakiln while the first parish church was a mere two miles distant was, that the then Ross laird of Achnacloich "would not be sure that his life was safe in the same church as his neighbours who were of a quarrelsome disposition". (Church Life in Ross and Sutherland)

On Murdoch's death, before 1729, he was succeeded by his eldest son, John. He was not served heir to his father until 13th July, 1756. In 1712 he married Helen, second daughter of William Erskine of Pittodrie in Aberdeenshire. They had two sons and three daughters. One of the daughters, Margaret, married a well-known Jacobite, James Moir of Stoneywood, in September, 1740. This marriage reminds us that the Mackenzie sympathies were, in general, with the Stuarts. Their chief, the Earl of Seaforth, had played the leading part in events of the '15 in the North of Scotland. Whether any of the Ardross family had been out in that brief rising does not appear; on receiving the call from their chief, a number of his vassals had sent the Earl a letter, which they did not sign, stating that they did not consider the time opportune, and were staying at home; Murdoch may have been one of these.

John was Fear Ard-rois during the 'Forty-five. He was known to have Jacobite leanings; but kept them in abeyance. Like most of the Mackenzies, he took the advice of the Chief, the new Earl, to take no part; he stayed at home, and made no move to assist Prince Charles.

Mr Maclean gave a paper on the Parish of Alness to the Gaelic Society of Inverness on 28th March, 1888, in which he tells of an affair in Boath during or immediately after that Rising. "Big Donald Cameron, the leader of a band of caterans who were pillaging the country, seized a horse which belonged to Donald Fraser, one of the Boath crofters. Fraser, having observed this, ran to his house for his musket, which was loaded, met Cameron, who was armed with a loaded musket and pistol, and demanded the restoration of his horse. Cameron, qualifying his language with a volley of oaths, declared he would shoot Fraser if he persisted in his claim, and, raising his musket, fired, but the powder flashed in the pan. He thereupon drew his pistol, but before he could discharge it, Fraser shot him in the breast and he fell." So died Big Donald Cameron. The rest of the gang having heard of the murder mustered at the spot, and burnt Fraser's house. They further threatened to burn every house in Boath, but Murdo Mackenzie, laird of Ardross, who was in favour of the rebellion, intervened, and saved the houses of the Boath people.

It will be noted that Mr Maclean, relating a traditional story, speaks of "Murdo Mackenzie, laird of Ardross". John was laird at that time; Murdo or Murdoch was his second son, later to be laird; and on this occasion would have been acting on behalf of his father, by then old or elderly. John died before 1764, and was succeeded by Roderick, the oldest son (Mackenzie).

There is a discrepancy here, for according to Major Warrand this Roderick died before his father. The History simply says of him that he died without issue, and so was succeeded by his younger brother. There is a possibility that he survived his father, but for so short a time that the legal processes adjusting succession were not operated. In this uncertainty I follow Mackenzie, showing as fifth Laird, Murdoch, second son of John. He was named as the younger of Ardross in 1757, and was infeft in the lands of Ardross in 1764.

He married Bathia, a daughter of John Paton of Grandholm in Aberdeenshire, in 1743. They had only one child, a daughter, Margaret, who was born about 1747. Margaret married Captain James Munro, R.N., Laird of Teaninich, in 1768. Among the provisions made in the marriage contract was one, that should there be more than one son in their family, the second should inherit Ardross and add Mackenzie to his surname Munro.

There were three sons, Hugh, Murdoch and John. Margaret died on 3rd February, 1778. She was duly followed, in the Ardross succession, by the

second son, Murdoch, who, being a minor, we do not find to be served as heir until 23rd December, 1795. And it is to his grand-father, Murdoch, that he is served heir. And, following the terms of the marriage contract, he assumed as his name Murdoch Munro Mackenzie. He came to be generally known as Murdo Mackenzie, and, in the evening peat fire talk, would be Fear Ard-rois.

In the following sketch of his career I owe very little to the History of the Mackenzies, and very much to Evander Maciver's Memoirs. Other sources are, where possible, mentioned.

He played a very minor part, as a young man, in the sad love-story of his older brother, Hugh, who entered the Army and became a captain in the 78th Regiment. He was engaged to Jane, daughter of General Sir Hector Munro, Laird of the neighbouring estate of Novar. When twenty-four years old he was wounded at the battle of Nimeguen, losing both eyes. "On Hugh's return, minus his sight. Sir Hector withdrew his consent. Murdoch Munro-Mackenzie, his immediate younger brother, filled with compassion at this treatment of the blind Captain Hugh, proposed to arrange an elopement, but the young lady was so much afraid of displeasing her father that she would not agree, and the project fell through. The lovers parted." (Munro) Like not a few young Scots of that period, he went abroad, spending some time in India, and returning reputedly a wealthy man. "A gentleman in manner, but careless in his dress and habits, was said to be an atheist, and his social habits were loose." "He was a notorious litigant." He was "proprietor of the salmon fishings on the River Shin in Sutherland, but owned no land touching that river, and had a crown charter, under which he claimed, not only the Shin, but the whole right of salmon fishing in the Kyle of Sutherland, as also the whole coast of Ross out to Tarbatness, and the coast of Sutherland abutting on the Dornoch Firth." The proprietors along those borders "had been in the habit of netting salmon ex adverso (over against) their estates without hindrance, long before Ardross became proprietor." (Maciver) So here we can see at least one of the causes for which Murdo found it necessary to have recourse to the Law Courts.

This Fear Ard-rois was also annoyed by trespassing cattle. The drove road from the North, which turned uphill from the Dornoch Firth in the vicinity of Kincardine church, passed over his territory, to a ford on the River Avern, at the west end of Boath. Frequently animals from those great herds would wander out somewhat on either side from the roughly defined limits of the track. While this was practically a matter of small moment on those vast extents of hill ground, it is understandable that there were proprietors who did not like it, but felt that they had to accept it. Not of that type was Murdo. The Inverness Courier of 1st November, 1821, refers to "a correspondence at that time about cattle-markets and a resolution adopted by drovers not to go beyond Conon



Bridge. They complained that further north they were subjected to many inconveniences and that cattle purchased by them were seized for trespass if they went ever so little off the highway. The then owner of Ardross seems to have been particularly vigilant in seizing cattle straying from the old drove road from Kincardine to Strathrusdale.

"The Inverness Courier mentions Murdo Mackenzie on 19th February, 1824, when he was one of several appointed as Commissioners to enquire into the management of the Revenue.

Reverting to Mr Maciver: "He fancied that the fishing of the Shin was much injured by the course of the river through the Sutherland estate on the flat below the bridge at Inveran." Without leave asked or given by the Sutherland family and without intimation of any kind to them, he cut a new channel through the lands of Inveran and Auchinduch, which was completed before the Duke of Sutherland could adopt legal steps to prevent him. Some legal proceedings followed, but were concluded when the Duke offered to purchase the fishing rights on the Shin. Fear Ard-rois agreed, on condition that he would also buy Ardross estate, which he valued at £100,000. This sale was effected.

Murdo left Ardross to live in "a large thatched cottage in Edderton parish, where he superintended the salmon fishings he claimed, and made raids on the fishermen and nets of the various proprietors." (Maciver) He took to Edderton a lady who had been living with him for sometime, and the several children whom she had borne to him. She was Christina, familiarly Cursty, daughter of Robert Ross of Strathcuillionach in the parish of Kincardine. It was still the accepted custom that gentlemen, from royalty downward, should have amours outside of marriage. Murdo being a bachelor, in the event of his death a lawful heir would be sought among the Munros of Teaninich.

Whether the minister of Rosskeen, Mr David Garment, had made any advance to advise him on this matter we do not know. We do know that when he came over the hills into Edderton, the minister of that parish, Mr Cameron, was moved to speak to him. Mr Maciver, and the tradition, are in agreement. I quote from the Memoirs:

"He became friendly with Mr Cameron, minister of Edderton, who one day visited him and spoke of his life with Cursty, and the slur of illegitimacy on his children. Mackenzie admitted the argument. Cursty could speak no English, so Ardross called to her in Gaelic, she being in the kitchen end of the house, where she spent most of her time, 'What do you think the minister says, Cursty? He says that it is a disgrace and an impropriety to us both to live as we do together, and that we should be married on every account, but especially on account of

the children." Cursty replied that the minister was right. So Ardross told Cursty to go and tidy herself, and put on a decent cap and her best gown; and Mr Cameron performed the marriage ceremony before he left the house, and thus the children were by Scots law legitimised. They were all afterwards well educated. Hugh, the oldest son, succeeded to Dundonnell estate.

The local remembrance added to that account that the minister had previously more than once remonstrated on the state of affairs, and had gone to the house that day for that special reason, to push the marriage; and gives us the slight variation, that Murdo's call to Cursty had been, "Give a wash to your hands, and come and get married now."

Murdo was not long resident in Edderton. But while he was there the new Laird of Ardross, the Marquis of Stafford, husband of the Countess of Sutherland, was made Duke of Sutherland, being the first to bear that title. And three months later, on 19th July, 1833, he died.

Almost at once a move was begun to raise fitting memorials; for during his long life, he had ranked among the most prominent noblemen in the kingdom. Mr James Loch, Commissioner on the Sutherland properties, wrote a biography of the Duke, which was privately printed in 1834. A large part of the book consists of an Appendix, in which are listed all the subscribers to memorials projected to be built in Sutherland and in the two English estates, Trentham and Lilleshall. Parish by parish we are given the names of the donors and the amounts donated.

With the Sutherland parishes, Rosskeen finds place, fitly, on the score of the recent purchase of Ardross. And there is the entry, M. Mackenzie, Culcarm Cottage, £10 10s. This is undoubtedly the previous Laird; that he is listed under Rosskeen must be merely for convenience. The total Rosskeen contribution is £100 19s 6d, and there are 40 names. The fine statue on Ben Bhraggie behind Golspie is the result of the Highland collection.

At that time Murdo Mackenzie would have been in process of purchasing Dundonnell, the estate in the west of Ross-shire from which his family originated.

Of the education of the children, already mentioned, Joseph Mitchell in his book on his life in the Highlands, tells us that the daughters were sent to France for their schooling. When they came back to their Highland home, finished young ladies, they had some difficulty in communicating with their mother, for she had only the Gaelic, which they had largely forgotten. One of these girls, Mary, was later to marry Major-General Francis Archibald Reid; and when her cousin, Catherine, for whom her father, the blind Captain Hugh Munro of Teaninich, had bought the estate of Balconie in 1838-39, died on 19th May, 1877, she left the estate to Mrs Reid.

Murdo Mackenzie was the last Fear Ard-rois, for the Gaelic speakers did not transfer the distinction to his successors in the lairdship.

The second Duke of Sutherland retained Ardross for but a few years; it is said that during that time a shooting-lodge was built on the site of Tollie House, and at least one crofter was on that account required to move. The place-name Stittenham, a borrowing from the English property, remains a permanent reminder of that proprietorship. The Duke was not keenly interested in the estate; he felt that he had enough land on his hands in Sutherland and England. (Leviathan of Wealth) In 1845 he sold it to Alexander Matheson for £90,000.

The following information regarding the new owner I have gathered mainly from an article in the Celtic Magazine of June, 1882, by the editor Mr Alexander Mackenzie, that indefatigable historian whose works I have already drawn upon in the compilation of these notes.

Alexander Matheson, born 1805, was of a clan established for several centuries in the south-west of Ross-shire. His father, John, was of the head family of the clan, the Fernaig Mathesons. In 1804 he married Margaret, a daughter of Captain Donald Matheson of Shinness near Lairg. In the same year his father died, and he inherited several small properties. But John, falling into financial difficulties, had to dispose of property after property, and in 1825 was forced to dispose of Attadale, "The last remnant of their heritable possessions in the west." He died in 1826, leaving nothing.

An uncle of Alexander's was Sir James Matheson of the Lews, who was a partner in that well-known firm, Jardine, Matheson, and Company, which operated in the Far East. In that firm Sir James found a post for his nephew. Alexander returned to the Highlands about 1839, "with a magnificent fortune". We may assume that he had been in the East for at least 14 years; he may have gone out a little while before the final financial disaster overtook his father. He immediately began to buy land. In 1840 we found him becoming owner of Ardintoul and Letterfearn, an extent of 6000 acres for which he paid £15,500. Confining ourselves to Wester Ross, his purchases from time to time culminated in 1861 when he secured Attadale, the last property that had been owned by his father, for £14,520. In 1866 he held 115,000 acres in the West, for which he had disbursed £238,020.

As we have already seen, he became Laird of Ardross in 1845, paying the Duke of Sutherland £90,000. In 1846 he bought Lealty from Finlay Munro.  
(Maclean)

By 1850 the Duke's shooting-lodge, on the site of old Tollie House was being replaced by the splendid mansion, Ardross Castle. The builders were Brand and Waldie, a firm well-known throughout Scotland. At that time some Irish labourers were brought in; a reminder of their presence remains in the hamlet called Dublin, in which they were housed. We are not told the cost of the castle; but outlays for improvement on the estate, including the castle and grounds, was nearly £230,000.

Mr Matheson bought other estates in the neighbourhood as they came on to the market: for Dalmore he paid £24,700; for Culcairn £26,640; for Delny and Balintraid £28,250. In 1882, "His entire possessions in the county of Ross extend to over 220,000 acres at a cost of £773,020." In 1882 he was made a baronet.

He was a good landlord. William Mackenzie, "the late factor", writing in Transactions of the Highland Society in 1858, praises the improvements he had carried out at Ardross. And Alexander Mackenzie lets us know that he had no evictions; very much to the contrary, the population of Ardross, which had been 109 when he purchased it, was "about 500 or 600" in 1875.

He died in 1886, and was succeeded by his son. Sir Kenneth James Matheson.

The Easter Ross estates were sold in and around 1903. Ardross was bought by Mr Dyson Perrins, a member of the English sauce-making firm of Lea and Perrins, who maintained the good record set up by the native Highland lairds.

Almost 40 years ago the estate once more came on the market. It was sold in different lots. And the Ardross that had been ceased to exist.

## OME PLACE-NAMES OF FERINDONALD

The author's suggested derivations of place-names of the parish

Ferindonald, the Munro country, comprises the parishes of Kiltearn and Alness. Professor W.J. Watson, in his invaluable "Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty," published 1904, has covered about 1800 of the names in this area; his list is not intended to be exhaustive.

Over the years I have become acquainted with a fair number of names not included in that work. Some of them are now forgotten or may be in process of being forgotten; some continue in common usage.

While I must admit a most imperfect knowledge of Gaelic, I think that my notes may be of some interest to the local public, and may suggest, to those better qualified than I am, correction and further research. The list, I am sure, is still not exhausted.

Since those gleanings cover a period of well over sixty years, it is not possible for me to mention individually all who have helped me: a majority of whom, sadly, I have to say are no more with us. I am most grateful to so many friends whose information, always gladly given, has made the writing of these notes possible.

References: P.N.R.C. - Professor Watson's "Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty."

C.P.N.S. - Professor Watson's "History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland."

DUIE BRIDGE - Main road bridge over the Skiach. recently demolished. Duie is a not unusual localism for Gaelic dubh, black or dark. The bridge might be dark, overhung by trees. The name was used in 1845, applied to Duie Bridge Croft. Not in common use after about 1880.

TIGH AN AIRD - We used to call the brae on the Evanton to Dingwall road, rising from Drummond Arms, the Tenairst Brae. Tigh 'naird, Gaelic, House of the height. No house was at the top of the brae in this century; it probably vanished when or before the road was made there early in the 19th century. It may have been a croft name.

TACHILAIK - At a Kiltarn Kirk Session meeting on 27th May, 1717, it was agreed that a school should be built at Tachilaik. There is in the record a sentence that it would be a convenient place for the minister to visit it. I incline to suppose that it might be the village of Drummond, whereabouts was situated the parish school, which was in use until the mid-19th century. The Gaelic gives us Teach, a house, a, the genitive article, lice, genitive of leac, a flagstone or slab, that is, Stone House.

MUILLIN FHUARAN - Spellings: 1748, Milnuarren; 1751, Milnwaren; 1753, Muillin waran; about 1880, Mulinouran. Gaelic, Mill well. The spot was on the right bank of the River Skiach, whereabouts Glenskiach Distillery was later built. A water-mill of some sort must have been there - handy to the village of Drummond.

TOBARUICH - Tobar is Gaelic, a well. This well is on the north side of Evanton-to-Katewell road, about 100 yards from where that road leaves the road to Foulis. It was in sad condition for many years, but good Samaritans tidied it

recently. Uich is uncertain, but it may be from faich, a plain; the road runs between it and the level ground of the Aonach, where the Market used to be held; the F sound would be slurred out. A handy well for the people at the market. It still gives very good water.

CRAIG NA CAILLEICH - Rock of the old woman. A cliff on the right bank of the river Skiach, a short way beyond Katewell. This rock face was worked as a quarry in the 1880's to get stone for the Glenskiach Distillery. I do not know whether it has been worked since. Big John Cameron, returned from a long sojourn in South Africa, was the contractor in charge of this quarry job. He employed an Evanton man, Donald Ross, notable in that he used to tie strings for the cure of sprains. Donald was a very tidy man. One day a young fellow-worker threw a divot at him, knocking off his hat. He complained to Big John, but all the sympathy he got was (in the Gaelic), "Oh, aren't they bad to be at poor Donald!"

LEABAIDH EACHAINN OG - Bed of Young Hector. This was a cave in the face of Craig na Cailleich; it was destroyed in the course of the quarrying. The late Mrs Margaret F. Souter of Drynie, a native of Evanton, has told me that in her childhood she sometimes went by there with others, but they were afraid to investigate the cave. She could not tell why the cave was so called.

COOL NA FAY - Thus pronounced. A considerable area of woodland bordering Evanton-Ardullie road, to west of road Tenord to Teachatt, etc. There is a small stream in it. Cul na Feith, Nook of the stream, perhaps; but the "cool" might more likely be for coille, a wood.

COOL NA ROKASH - This is a wood below Teachatt, west of the road from Tenord. Rocas is a rook. "Cool" may be cul, a nook; but again coille seems more likely.

GARABLE ROAD - Runs off to the right at right angles to the Evanton-Ardullie road. a few hundred yards east of the road to Foulis Castle. Was so referred to in 1879. It takes its name from the Garable field, which borders it on the west. Professor Watson, in Place-Names of Strathdearn (Trans. of Gaelic Soc. of Inverness, vol. XXX) writes "an Garbuil(anns a' Charbuil), Garbole; a hardened form of garbh-bholl, 'big boll', with reference to the amount of corn seed required to sow the cultivated part of old." This seems to give us a satisfactory explanation.

BOG NA POITE - Our local pronunciation Bog na Poatch. This is the old Gaelic name for Yellow-wells. It means Bog of the pot, or may be the plural pots. The black pot was a whisky maker's utensil, and maybe some forgotten story to do with the old trade lies behind the name.

TEALOID - Dr Harry Robertson, in the Old Statistical Account, in the 1790's, tells us: "There is another spring at Tealoid above Foulis Castle, called St Colman's Well. Whether it has any medicinal virtue we have not heard; but it was a common practice in the memory of some still alive, for superstitious persons to frequent the well, and after drinking the water, to tie some rags to the

branches of the surrounding trees. "Tealoid as phonetics gives us tigh, a house, and a, of the loid is doubtful, but I think is probably Leathaid, genitive of Leathad, a slope; giving us the House of the Slope. General Roy's map, about 1750, shows what is likely the same place, Teinleod, somewhat to north-west of Foulis Castle, which suggests that, at that time, the well of virtue imparted some importance to the spot.

THE BAYACH - Beithach (th silent) is Gaelic, Birch place. Where a birch wood grew on Foulis Hill. I don't know if this word is still in use, my information dates to about fifty years ago.

THE CAWKERS ROAD branches off the Evanton-Ardullie road, to Culnaskiach and Blackhill. "The strange thing," said my informant, "is that it's only the low-ground people who call it that; the folk up there (in the district the road serves) don't call it that." The first syllable is clearly the Gaelic word cadh (pron. ka), a steep path. The second part is almost certainly Gaelic, which has suffered some corruption through long years of use by speakers whose Gaelic may have been little or none. I submit that "kers" was originally ceaird, pronounced kyarj, the genitive of Gaelic ceard, a tinker. The low-ground people would speak derogatively of their neighbours on the heights, and call the road An Cadh Ceaird, the Tinker's Steep Path. Naturally those who used the road would not favour that name. Later English-speaking usage, the Gaelic meaning being lost, added road to the original, giving us Steep Path of the Tinkers' Road. Doubt remains. Ceard was a tinsmith or tinker, and as respectable a calling as any in past days.

THE SOLDIER - The low strip of land on the east side of the Skiach, between the railway line and Balconie Castle. The name was familiarly in use in the early years of this century. Obviously Gaelic. My information that some of the low ground on that side of the river belonged to Foulis - perhaps due to an alteration in the course of the river - suggests a clue. It may be sail-tire, Heel of Land, (C.P.N.S., p92). A heel of Foulis projecting into Balconie?

KILDEY - Dey is pronounced as "di" in the English word dine. This spot is now marked only by the foundation remains of two or three buildings, on the Lemlair side of the boundary fence between Blackhill and Lemlair, about the level of Blackhill farmhouse. Kil is the Gaelic cill, a chapel. Dey seems to be the Gaelic Dia, God; we have God's Chapel. I have never seen the name in writing. It is a unique name for a place of worship. The traces of building are, in part at least, all that is left of an ale-house that was run by a reputed witch, remembered as the Kildey Wife. A peculiar place for such an establishment, we may think; but in the old days a track from Lemlair to Clare passed just by, and there would have been sufficient business. Her date is uncertain. But a descendant of hers (son? grandson?) one Kenneth Cameron, better known as Kenny Kildey, was an old man living in Evanton a hundred years ago. Something of the reputation of his ancestress attached to him; village children used to give him a wide berth. The story is told, that once in his younger days

he and another man were driving a flock of sheep to the Falkirk Tryst. They made a night halt somewhere near Dalwhinnie. They sought lodgings in a house there. The woman would not let them sleep indoors; her pig had recently died, and she offered them the sty. For want of a better they had to take it. But their feelings were hurt. On the way home a few days later, they found that the house had been burned down, and the woman was herself living in the sty. Kenny's companion took that news back to Evanton. And what could people conclude, but that Kenny Kildey had put a curse on the woman, and that it had worked!

TEANIRICH - This was a croft or at least a dwelling above Woodlands; the spelling is of 1827, when one Robert Bain was tenant. The Gaelic would be

Tigh, house; an, of the irich looks like eighraig, cloudberry.

TIGH NA FAOILEIG - House of the Gull. This was the old name for the house that still stands by the corner where the road to Kiltearn church turns along by the shore; and for the little croft that went with it. Sometime in the later part of the last century a fisherman from "the other side," the Black Isle I take that to

mean, came to live there. His wife had somewhat of a reputation of being psychic. Prior to a funeral, she used to hear the spirit of the dead scream as it passed over the tiny stream which, issuing as a spring from a roadside bank over a hundred yards in from the beach, comes down by the road and passes under it about fifty yards east of the cottage. One day the fisherman was in the village, and looked into the carpenter's shop where my father was making a coffin. "I knew you'd be at a coffin," said he, "last night the wife heard the soul of the dead give a skirl as it went over the water to the churchyard." "The spirit was going the wrong way then," responded my father, "for the corpse that's to be in this coffin is for the Alness Churchyard."

KATEWELL - I quote Professor Watson:- "Catoll 1479; Keatoll 1608; Gaelic Ciadail: Norse Kvi, fold; Dalr, dale." While accepting the Professor's derivation we have two other versions which are of interest. The Old Statistical Account gives: "Gaelic, Kead Vail, or the first possession, acquired by the Earl of Ross in this parish." Regarding this, it may be noted that "the lands of Keatwell, and Tower of Badgarvie, and others," were granted by the Earl of Ross to Hugh, 9th Baron of Foulis, in 1369. The late Mrs Donald Mackenzie of Evanton gave this traditional explanation in 1960:- "Mary Queen of Scots while in the North of Scotland was asked where she would like to rest for the night. She decided on Katewell. So the place was originally called Cead Tholl or First Choice; and then after a few generations it became known as Katewell." In fact. Queen Mary was at Inverness in 1562. The Governor, a Gordon, shut her out from the Castle. A number of Highlanders, including Munros, went to her assistance, and in the upshot the Castle was taken and the Governor was hung. She may have spent a night at Katewell, but the earlier dates given, 1369 and 1479, refute the Queen's responsibility for the name of Katewell.

CORRIE VALAGAN, or as I have also heard it, MALAGAN, is several miles outwith the border of Ferindonald, at the foot of Glen Dibidale in the parish of



Kincardine. Professor Watson gives the Gaelic as Coire Mhaileagan, without a definite meaning. I mention it because of a traditional link with old Foulis, to the effect that timber was brought thence for the building of the first Castle - which would be the keep remembered as Donald's Tower, put up probably in the 12th century. A later legend associates the place with the strath Bran cattle-thief and bard, Alistair Scholar, who was hung in Tain in October, 1742. He had taken a cow or cows from a woman in that area; she followed him, noisily lamenting. To be rid of her he tied her to a tree, fully confident that her friends would seek and find her in a few hours. He was shocked, on coming that way a year after, to find her bones still attached to the tree. While awaiting execution, he said that was the only thing in his life that he regretted. It is possible that, but for this, his sentence might have been transportation.

THE AALAN - The low boggy area, roughly a triangle, that lies between the main road, the Allt Granda (Black Rock River), and the high bank on top of which is Balconie Steading. It is now tree covered. We used to pronounce it with a very long initial "a", good Gaelic usage. Alan is an old word for a bog, a boggy place, and is the root of Alness (P.N.R.C.) Its full name is Alan na Circe, Bog of the Hen. That reminds me that the Balconie hens, and the poultry, which included Guinea fowl, belonging to Dr Allan who lived in the big house beside the Cottage Brae, used to enjoy the run of the area; and boys used to enjoy Winter sports on the ice-covered pools.

TOBAR NA SLABHRAIDH - Pron. Sloughree - ough as in plough. Gaelic, Well of the Chain. This was a well at Balconie. The chain would be used to draw up a bucket. There was supposed to be a curative property in the water. About a century ago, an Evanton boy had a rash which was not leaving him. A wise woman, known as Mhaighdeann Bhan (VootchenVaun as pronounced locally) meaning Maiden White, because her white hair hung down over her shoulders, told the parents the rash had been caused by someone with an Evil Eye. She made the father fetch water from Tobar na Slabhraidh. Into it she put a gold ring, a shilling, and a halfpenny, muttered a few words over it, and washed the affected part. The boy was cured.

THE VENNELS - Vennel is a Scots word meaning alley. Clearly the word was imported from the South when Evanton was laid out, very early in the 19th century. We have two vennels. The larger, known simply as the Vennel, leaves Balconie Street by the east side of the Garage store, and runs on by the ends of Camden Street and Livera Street, finally debouching on Hermitage Street. The other, called the Inn Vennel, leaves Balconie Street by the west side of Novar Arms, and ends its short course on Camden Street. Those street names, Camden, Livera, and Hermitage, I understand were names of plantations in the West Indies, where Alexander Mackenzie, owner of Balconie and founder of the village - whose name commemorates his son Evan - is supposed to have made his fortune. Balconie was a substantial estate from of old. In Mackenzie's time it lay between the two rivers from the shore of the Firth to Drummorie; and a

rental roll of 1819 shows that it also included the stretch on the north side .of the Allt Granda, the Black Rock River, from Easter Assynt to Redburn. CNOC RASH - P.N.R.C. does not give this, but C.P.N.S. gives it as Cnoc Rais, Gaelic, Shrub Hill.

CNOC RUADH - Gaelic, Red Hill. The tree-clad ridge which shelters Evanton from the winds of Fyrish.

LOCHAN TIJER - Thus pronounced. In standard Gaelic it would be Loch an-t-Saighdeair, Loch of the Soldier. A lochan once, or maybe no more than a bog, now silted up and hard to find, in the wood behind the Cnoc Rash crofts, close to the Black Rock. So called, I've been told, because a soldier was drowned in it.

ALLT BLAYRACH, appears to be the Gaelic Biolaireach, which means Rich in water-cress. I do not know if that plant now flourishes there. The stream was crossed by the track from Evanton to the Black Rock, about a quarter-mile from the ridge-top whence it went downhill steeply to the chasm. A sawmill operated there early this century. The burn may have had its source originally in Lochan Tijer.

JAYDAC'S BRAE - Jaydac was a witch, who lived, in the early part of last century, in the house on the left hand side of the road to Swordale; or in an earlier house on that site; three or four hundred yards short of the road into Drummore. The name attaches to the steep bit of road just below the house. The only story I have heard of her, is that she once put a spell on the Drummore cows, preventing their giving milk. The farmer did not know who was responsible. But he knew what to do. He filled a bottle with water, corked it, and set it above the byre door. Perhaps he said words over it, that I do not know. So long as the water was in the bottle, so long would his enemy be unable to empty his or her bladder. In a day or so Jaydac turned up. She took the spell off the cows, and the bottle was emptied, to her great relief.

AILEAN NA KEEVER - It was written phonetically, Elan ne Keiver in 1880.

This is a place by the right bank of the Allt Granda, several hundred yards above the main road. A mound here is known as the Dead Man's Grave. My information is that a "tramp" who was in lodgings in the village about the middle of last century got too much drink one evening, went up the Glen road, and went over the high bank half a mile or so up. A suicide could not be buried in consecrated ground, so a hole was dug close by where he was found. His name was probably Maciver; he was known as the Keever or Keu-er; hence Ailean na Keever, Meadow of the Keever. Of the heap of stones on the grave - if you passed by, it was necessary to shut your eyes and throw on a stone, otherwise you would dream of the dead man that night.

BOGGIE'S WELL, on the bank top on the left of the Glenglass Road, a little way - a hundred yards or so - beyond the Free Church Manse. Origin of name unknown. It used to be distinguishable as a well, but seems now to be merely the exit of a field drain. In its time it provided water for the Culcairn Cottages.

KRICKE VRIACH, thus written (phonetically) in 1878. The almost perpendicular bank over the river, off the Glenglass Road, roughly opposite where the road to Novar branches away to the right. I have been told it means Clay Cliff. Craidhach is clay. Vriach might have reference to braighe, an upper part, whence our word brae. But I don't know.

DALNAHAUN - Spelling on a map of 1899. Half-a-mile from the main road, nearly opposite the Culcairn-Balavoulin boundary, a path used to branch off the Glenglass Road, run steeply downhill, traverse Dalnahaun, which is some level ground by the riverside, ere climbing again to go by the Black Rock to its western end. Dal is a field, generally by a river; na is of the; h'abhainn, abhainn, a river. It has been written Dalnahavin in 1880. A usual pronunciation of abhainn is A'oon. There was a Bognahaun on the Foulis side of the River Skiach, which I am unable to trace.

POLL OOKITCH - The good fishing pool where the river issues from the Black Rock. I give the phonetics of fifty years ago. There are indications that it is now called the Plookage, Poll is Gaelic for pool. The pool "swallows" the torrent. Bishop Forbes, visiting the Black Rock in 1762, mentions a deep pool or pot, Pool INTLUGICH . So we get the original Gaelic Poll an-t'Slugaid, Pool of the Swallows, finely descriptive.

KA RUA or KA RUOW, so pronounced. This must be the Gaelic Cadh, a steep path, Ruadh, red. Not a particularly steep path, but often a rough one, a stretch of the road to Novar that leaves the Glenglass Road a quarter-mile from the main road.

WHITE WELLS - On the right hand side of the Glenglass Road, about a hundred yards beyond where the road to Lagvullin breaks away, there is a boggy area just over the wall. A horse-trough used to be by the roadside, and the same source supplied Evanton's water. The water was very good. I have heard of a dying woman at Assynt asking for a drink of it. A lady ghost, it was said, used to be seen at that spot; perhaps because at night it was very dark, being thickly roofed in by trees. It was also said that "things" were sometimes seen on the stone steps to the gate into Assynt House grounds, a little way beyond the Wells.

BALAVULLICH - This was a row of cottages, three or four, at the top of that western field of Assynt farm, in which Balnaceardaich buildings lay at the bottom. Vullich is the aspirated genitive of the Gaelic mullach, top or summit. The late Mrs George Munro, Clashnabuiac, whose father was tenant of Assynt in the later part of the 19th century, has told me that they called that field "Toptown," which is precisely the English of Baile a' mhullaich. Robert Macrae, the almost forgotten Bard Macra, had his home there; and Hugh Urquhart, remembered as Breabadair Bodhar, the Deaf Weaver, was living there, I understand, until after 1865.

ARDOCH ACH BHEAG was the local name for Contullich Castle. Ardoch is high place; in this case I venture to translate it as Tower. Ach bheag gives us

little field, reasonably descriptive of the site. Those "castles" with which the Highlands used to be liberally sprinkled were generally simple "keeps," in the Borders styled "peels," plain strongholds, designed with no decorative purpose. Mr Roderick Maclean, one-time factor of Ardross, has put it on record that this castle was still standing when one Thomas Macdonald (Taylor), who did the carpenter work in the Alness church built in 1782, later took the tenancy of the farm. It appears that he lived in the castle. Many evil deeds had been perpetrated within the old walls, and the family was continually troubled by ghosts. Almost nightly footsteps used to be heard; and once a ghost thrust its hand through the jamb of the kitchen fireplace and took a bannock from a girdle. Macdonald settled the haunting. First he opened a vault, from which he removed several loads of human bones to Alness Churchyard. Then he pulled down the entire building, and built the present farmhouse on the same site, but clear of the vault. BALNACEARDAICH - Township of the Smithy. The smith may have been a blacksmith or a tinsmith. The site of the buildings, until well on in this century, was marked by a long low tumble of stones, lying parallel with the Glenglass Road, a little way west of the present filter station.

BLACK DONALD'S STEPPING STONES cross the River Averon, a short stance above the ford which is right by the roadside beyond Boath. Black Donald's identity is lost. Baile Beg, Little Township, on the Ardross side of the river there, the site now planted over, was the home, early last century, of Eachainn Seoras, a drover, who had bad luck and turned thief, some of whose exploits are still remembered.

I feel sure that this ford had a name, but it seems to be lost.

TEARIVAN - If this had ever been written in modern standard Gaelic I think it would be Tigh a' Ruigh Bhan, House of the White Slope. Earliest mention I find is in MacGill's "Old Ross-shire and Scotland." Munro of Teanryven is in a list of heritors, etc., in Kiltearn parish, about 1690.

Kiltearn Kirk Session Records have an entry on 11th June, 1705, that John Munro of Tearivan had left 500 merks to pay for the erection of an "ISLE" in the Church for his burial. He also left 500 merks to be distributed "among the poor fearing the Lord." A merk was two-thirds of a pound Scots. If my arithmetic is correct, 1000 merks was £55 11/- sterling, a very nice sum in those days. It is clear that Munro of Tearivan was a man of some substance. I long wondered where lay this Tearivan. Then I found a decisive clue in an instrument regarding pasturage rights in dispute between George Munro of Culcairn minor on the one part, being heritable proprietor of the land, and Captain James Munro of Teaninich on the other part:-

"At TEARRIVAN and upon the muir and pasturage grounds thereof, the sixteenth day of October, 1767 .... And all of us having viewed and perambulated the said pasturage grounds adjacent to and belonging to said lands of TEARIVAN called DALGHILL and Bogpiper with some arable ground riven in for several years past out of said muir and pasturage grounds." And

finally a sentence from Novar papers, date uncertain, but in the later part of the 18th century:- "The burn of Auld Craig dividing the lands of Teaninich now Novar from George Munro's lands of TEANRIVAN."

The Dalghill referred to (Dal gheal, White field) - not to be confused with the modern house called Dalgheal - lay mainly between the Cadh Ruadh (q.v.) and the Novar to Boghole (modern Lagvullin) to Assynt Road. Piper's Bog (Bog a' Phiobaire) whence I suspect the name Boghole derived, was the area mainly above the latter road, and would have bordered on the easternmost field of Assynt farm, which used to be Assynt estate. So those two areas were adjacent to, and part of, Tearivan; and Tearivan was in part at least bounded on the east by Wester Teaninich.

We are now in a position to envisage the area to the east of the Allt Granda in the earlier 18th century. First the estate of Culcairn. Then the estate of Tearivan, which was, for some way inland from the shore-line, bounded by Teaninich, and then bounded by the estate of Novar, which seems not to have reached the shore. (Novar's later purchase of what we now know as Wester Teaninich remedied this). How far inland those four estates extended, apart from Tearivan apparently, we do not know.

How did this estate of Tearivan fade from existence and from memory? John Munro, dying in 1705, left no son, but four daughters, Christian, the oldest and the heiress, being nine years old. Mackenzie, in his "History of the Munros," tells us how some Mackenzies, wishing to obtain the estate for one of themselves by a marriage later on, sought to abduct Christian. As a raiding party, which I suppose had come by sea, were drawing near to the house, the nurse, being warned just in time, put the girl in a creel, covered her with cabbage leaves, and, creel on back, cleared out by a different way. She reached Foulis Castle, where the Chief gave them shelter. So Christian came to be known as "the heiress of the creel." Later she became the wife of the Laird of Culcairn, George Munro. Thus Culcairn and Tearivan were amalgamated. When General Sir Hector Munro of Novar returned from India with a fortune he began to buy the surrounding lands, and built Novar to be the great estate that we know today. When he purchased the combined Culcairn-Tearivan property, the large farm of Culcairn was formed, ensuring the survival of that name; while Tearivan ceased to exist save where it found mention in old records.

FYRISH is handled in P.N.R.C. Professor Watson is doubtful; he says it might be from Norse Fura or Fyri, a pine-tree, or it might be of Pictish origin. I have had brought to my notice an article on the Vikings, in the National Geographic Magazine for April, 1970, where is quoted an inscription on a Swedish Rune-stone:

"The good farmer GULLE had five sons;  
At FYRIS fell Asmund, the unfrightened warrior,  
Assur died out-east in Greece,  
Halvdan was in duel slain,

Kare (died at Dundee) dead is BOE too."

It is not impossible that the Fyris above is our Fyrish.

TEACRASK was a Balconie property in 1819, apparently beside Drummore. Gaelic would be Tigh a' Craisg, House of the Crossing-place, which suggests that it was a croft at the top of the road which runs up by Drummore steading. There is a tumble of stone not far west of the point where the road bends, which in part may be remains of the house.

BOG AN TUA - The inclined-to-be-boggy area on the Swordale side above the river before it runs into the Black Rock. Tuath, meaning North, Bog of the North, rather unlikely. I think it must be Tugha, thatch. The vast majority of houses were thatched in the old days, and such a damp spot would supply rushes for that purpose. This was the limit of Balconie ground; there were three tenants here in 1819.

AN LEACANN - The long slope of Swordale Hill facing Redburn. Gaelic, The Hillside. A not uncommon name - there is a Leachkin overlooking Inverness. There could have been several tenants on this long stretch. Until recent years, two trees in the middle of one of the modern fields marked the site of a croft house and steading, occupied as such until, I understand, 1875.

OF CLARE - There were seven tenants in Clare prior to those evictions of 1875. In 1845 William Mackay and his son, James tenanted Wester Clare. Of them I have been told how, when ploughing on a slope, their horses, weak after the short commons of winter, were hard put to it to pull the plough uphill. To encourage them, the herd-boy, a lad Cameron, walked in front of them, backwards, that is so as to face them, holding a dalli full of oats. A dalli, or dallan, was a basket made of hide stretched on a frame of wickerwork. Donald Kemp, tenant of Knockgorman for 55 years, died in 1875, so his headstone in Kiltarn tells us. I think his was the last funeral out of Clare. Gorman is the Gaelic guirmean, the plant woad, providing the blue dye once used to colour the bodies of warriors. Knockantoul is Barnhill. These two places were to the east end of Clare. Further west was Balnacrae; crae is probably cre, clay; giving us Claytown.

CNOC NA RABBITS - This uncouth mixture of Gaelic and English refers to the hillock, perhaps still rabbit-infested, above the Drummore to Rhidorach road before it runs down to the bridge over the Chalk Burn.

OF RHIDORACH - This name has come to be associated with the shepherd's house above the Chalk Burn bridge. That house used to go with the Knockmartin grazing. (I have always understood Knockmartin to be an Englishing of Cnoc a' Mhargadaidh), while Rhidorach was a croft on the lower ground, much of it level, along the riverside from some indeterminate point west of Chalk Burn estuary to the Allt na Caoraich. One George Maclean was tenant in 1845; and Thomas Maclean, probably a son, was there in 1871.

PUTTY GARVIE - Major-General William Roy, in his day eminent as an antiquary and a practical mathematician, was in 1746 put in charge of the task

of surveying and mapping Scotland; which duty rendered his name immortal. He shows Putty Garvie on Wyvis ground, a few hundred yards from the river, almost opposite the point where later was built the Eilanach Bridge. It is given as Badagarvie in the Kiltarn Registers of 1744. The spot is now called Baddygarvie. There was some arable ground there anciently, with a few houses or huts. The deer used to be, and perhaps still are, fed there in winter-time. Bad, a very frequent element in place-names, and generally indicating the site of a house or houses, is Gaelic, a copse. Garvie suggests the adjective garbh, rough. The medial "y" or "a" is probably thrown in for the sake of euphony. Or it might be suffix *aidh*, *ee*, signifying little.

CREAG A' VARA, that is Creag a' Bhara, about a mile west of Corrievachie.

Creag is a rock, in this case a rocky hill; a' is the genitive article; bhara (for bara) is a barrow. Why the barrow, I do not know. A whisky bothy used to be situated by the Creag a' Bhara burn. Long years after it had gone out of action a buried piggin of whisky was discovered thereabouts by a pony's hoof going through the soil. There used to be four stills working in the Wyvis area. A stalker, who had some previous experience in the illicit distilling, was engaged by Mr Walter Shoolbred, laird of Wyvis, about 1890. One day he remarked to Mr Shoolbred that he might start a still there. "So far as I'm concerned. Sandy," said Mr Shoolbred, "you can do what you like." On second thoughts Sandy decided not to, as it would be cutting in on the business of a man MacIennan, who was at that time working a still in the area.

CLACH EL A REACH - I give the phonetics, as given to me without explanation. This is a large stone, not seen by me, on the shore of Loch Maugrie (Loch a' Mhagraidh, P.N.R.C.) about 3 miles N.W. of Wyvis Lodge. Clach is a stone; reach is a very common form of riabhach, brindied. A possible rendering is Clach 'Ille Reaich, Stone of the Brindled Lad. The Brindled Lad, or the Grey Lad, was one of the many names for Satan. It looks as if some story, now lost, was attached to the stone.

ALLT REACH - The brindled burn. This stream in the latter part of its course runs beside the "back road," into Glenglass, passes under the main road by the junction, and plunges on to fall into the river at the entry to the Black Rock. It gave its name to a croft between Balnaceardaich on the east and Allt Dearg (modern Redburn), on the west. The bridge marks the point where we leave

Glenglass to enter the outer world; perhaps for this reason it used to be a recognised halt for funerals. In those days the coffin was carried by hand or on shoulders, mainly on shoulders, I think. "A cart well stored with provisions for the churchyard, and two men, went in front, with refreshments for all who met the funeral until they came down to Colin Dingwall's farm." (My father's diary, Wednesday, 13th September, 1877. Colin's farm was Balnaceardaich or Wester Assynt). The final hand-out of whisky, oatcake, and cheese was made in the churchyard after the graveside service. I saw this churchyard dram being handed round at my granduncle's funeral in 1907; The custom may have continued

later. Allt Reach bridge was also the place where the party carrying the coffin into the Glen the evening before had a halt for a rest, chat, and refreshments. BLAR BAN - Gaelic Blar, a field; ban, white, or light coloured. The last field of Uig to the east, below the back road. The name seems to have gone out of use by the end of last century. A rash surmise on my part is that it may have at sometime in the past been a tiny croft on its own, then added to Uig. But there is some evidence that in the old days every patch of ground had a distinguishing name.

CAMALLTAN Gaelic Cam, bent; alltán, little burn. I used to hear the old Glenglass folk speak of "the Camalltan", and at first thought it to be Campbeltown, a place where some Campbell family had lived. It had been a croft between Lorgbuidh and Achnagall; it narrowed down to a point where two tiny burns met; hence, I think, the burn name first, from the angle of the joining, and from that the name for the croft. The last tenant was "Big Robert" Munro; he died, after a long illness, on 28th September, 1875; and then the croft was incorporated in Achnagall. Another Munro family, "the MacUisdeans", were tenants in Achnagall for five generations until about 1910, when William Munro left it to go into Redburn.

I have heard it said that when the crofters of Glenglass gave up distilling, they buried their pots in Camalltan ground. At the same time they asked the laird for reductions in their rents, since they were losing a source of income. I don't know if their appeal was granted.

Roy's map, about 1750, shows us this croft as CAMBLETON. TOCHY and E. TOCHY - Those forgotten places are on Roy's map, from which they seem to be in the area behind Socach. There are old ruins behind the modern, now derelict, Socach house, which may mark the site. What does Tochy mean? The late Mr Alex. Macbain, M.A., F.S.A. Scot., headmaster of Raining's School in Inverness, a noted Gaelic scholar and author of an Etymological Gaelic dictionary, gave a paper to the Gaelic Society of Inverness on 4th February, 1885, in which he quotes the Book of Deer with reference to 11th and 12th century grants of land:-

"Moridac, son of Morcunn, gave Pett-mic-Garnait and (the) field TOCHE TEMNI." In a vocabulary at the end of his paper he has, "Toche, place-name: what is it?", and of Temni, merely "place-name." So it is clear that it slumped Mr (later Dr) Macbain.

In a summons of 1612, against John, Earl of Sutherland, mentioned in MacGill's "Old Ross-shire and Scotland," from a large number of places listed I extract:-

"Esokew, Kinlochew, DRUMTOCHE, Amat, Langwell . . . ."

The Glenglass "Toche is surely the same word as that which appears in those old documents. The very old measure of land, a davocho, we find in place-names as doch, e.g. Dochcarty. My guess is that in Toche we have Dochaidh, pronounced Dochy, a little davocho.



THE BACK ROAD, leaving the main road into Glenglass at the Allt Reach bridge, ran as far as West End, passing by all the croft houses save Redburn and Lynechork, which were served by the main Road; Uig and Socach always used the back road, it was little used if at all by the crofts further west which in the

19th century got their individual roads to the main road. I don't think it was classified as a county road. Its crossings of a few tiny streams scarce merited the name of fords; there was one rough home-made bridge over the eastern branch of the Camalltan. It was a pleasant road, unfrequented, edged for the first mile by bush and tree. After rain many pools lay on it; in some of them long very thin creatures used to wriggle; we called them horse-hair eels or worms, because we understood them to be hairs fallen out of the tails of passing horses, and in some mysterious way developed into living creatures by the rain.

ALLT NA FHIGHEADAIR - This burn is the boundary between the crofts of Socach and Lorgbuidh. Figheadair is a weaver, also a knitter. There were knitters in every house. I conclude that here we have a weaver, indicating that the burn was close by the house of a weaver.

CNOC AN OIR - Gaelic, Hill of Gold. A hillock roughly situated between Tighnacraig road-end and the river. We as children used to be told that gold was buried here, but no story. I was recently indebted to Mr A.J. MacIennan of Ledacruich in Heights of Docharty for the tradition, which he had from his father.

A miller at Achtunnagan was known as Muilnear 'n Gat, because he used strips of birch bark to tie his bags. He may have been the man concerned. A young Norwegian prince was in bad health, and was sent to this country in expectation that he would recover. He was lodged with the miller, whom he paid well, from a bag of gold coins. The miller let greed get the better of him; he killed the prince, and buried the money secretly in this hill. But ere he could make any use of it, as he was one day over-hauling the mill, for no apparent reason the water came on to the wheel, the mill started up, the miller was killed. And he took the secret of the hiding place with him into eternity. So the hillock still conceals the bag of gold.

BALNACOUL - This is the only place shown in Glenglass area on Blaeu's map dated 1662, and is approximately opposite the junction of the Allt na Caoraich with the main stream. In 1798 we get Bellnacoil, a few years later Belnacoull.

Coul would give us the Gaelic for a corner, a recess; coil, for coille, a wood, may be the more likely. We get Township of the Recess or of the Wood. Before the end of the 19th century there was no place of this name; my guess is that it was the area between the main road and the river, opposite to Cnocan, Balnarge, and West End, and ceased to exist as a croft on being planted with trees. It was part of "Wester Glens," a strip of Church property extending from Achnagall to Refarquhar on Loch Glass side, which Robert Mor Munro, XV Baron of Foulis, acquired from the Bishop of Ross in 1560, the same deal covering Lemlair, Pelaig, and Muckle Boitt, which is Boath.

ACHTUNNAGAN - Gaelic Achadh (often rendered as ach), a field, a meadow; Tunnagan, ducks. Duck-field. The house by the roadside, a few hundred yards short of Eilanach bridge, marks this area. There is a good expanse of meadow to the hill side of the road. Roy's map, about 1750, gives Achanachan. The name may now be obsolete, but it was known to Glen people of fifty years ago. There was a mill here; a stone's throw from the house may be seen a cut-out place where the mill building must have been. The miller in 1825 was H. Urquhart, perhaps; but see Kinloch.

DUCLASH - Gaelic, Dubh, black or dark; Clais, a hollow or corrie. This conspicuous corrie is on the Novar side of the river, roughly half-way between Eilanach bridge and Loch Glass. I cannot say if it gave its name to a croft; in the old days there were a few crofts along that stretch, as ruins of houses indicate.

SEAN TIGH GRAYS - Beyond Duclash. This name was a puzzle to me for many years. Then I learned that a family of Grays had moved from somewhere in this district to a croft in Boath early in the 19th century. The people in the neighbourhood would refer to the vacated and derelict house, and then to the spot, as Sean Tigh Grays - Gray's Old House. The name was in common use up until fifty years ago.

KINLOCH - Kin is the Gaelic Ceann, a head. A very frequent place-name, Loch-head; in this case at the lower end of the loch, there were two or more houses, looking across at the Culzie community on the Wyvis side. There is a formation in the rocky bed of the stream that tumbles down the birch-clad slope, suggesting that one of those tiny meal-mills was sited there; but after a century and a half of storm and spate it is no more than a suggestion. If it was the case, it is likely that the H. Urquhart, Miller, Lochglass, of 1824 Militia List, lived here rather than at Achantunnagan.

REFARQUHAR - Remains of a building or buildings are to be seen on the Novar side of Loch Glass, a mile or so from Kinloch. It seems to have been a considerable holding in the 18th century, mainly steep grazing. I have heard it pronounced Reeurchar. The original Gaelic may have been Ruigh Fharquhar, Farquhar's Slope; but the experts are in doubt about a similar name in Dornoch parish. The famous strong man of the Munros, Rob Mor Reachar, was tenant here in the 18th century prior to moving to Boginturie; descendants of his live in Evanton at the present time.

COIRE NA BEISTE - Gaelic, Corrie of the Beast; to the east side of Meall Mor; it may have marked the western boundary of Refarquhar. No record has reached us of the Beast here commemorated.

TORR A' BHOLCAIN - Thus in P.N.R.C., no Gaelic meaning given, I have only heard it, in speech, as Torr a' Voolkan, which agrees with what Professor Watson would have heard before 1904. The Ordnance Survey Map (1874/75) gives Torr a' Mhultain, I fancy wrongly. Voolkan might be Mhulcain, gen. of mulcan, a cheese. There is, however, no clue in the nature of a story. Torr is a round hillock. This torr is by the highest point on the path between Glenglass

and Boath. The pass through the hills offers a pleasant if lonely three miles walk. Its Gaelic name is simply An Lairig, The Pass. The part on the Boath side was also called, perhaps jocularly, Strath Mor, Big Strath. It is worth remembering that an army once passed this way. The Rising of the Fifteen began in September. Early in October the Earl of Sutherland, a Government supporter, with a force of 1,200 men, made up of his own clan, and Munros, Rosses, and Mackays, occupied a line along the lower reaches of the River Avern while the Jacobite Earl of Seaforth had over 3,000 men in the Dingwall area. Seaforth planned to take the Avern line from the rear. On 9th October he marched from the Peffery valley into Clare. Next day he traversed Swordale and Glenglass and went through the Lairig into Boath. Sutherland learned of this move in time and retired in good order, crossing to the north side of the Dornoch Firth and taking all the boats with him. So Seaforth had to content himself with occupying Tain, and plundering the territories of the Munros and the Rosses.

LOCH A' CHAPUILL, on the moor behind the Glenglass peat-mosses, Prof. Watson mentions, with its meaning of Horse (or Mare) Loch. He does not give the reason for the name. It was the haunt of an each-uisge a water-horse. I do not certainly remember which of the old ladies of the Glen told me, when I was a boy, that she had seen that each-uisge in her young days - sometime in the first half of last century.

CNOC NA LEOGHAINN Hill of the lion. The end hill of the long Ceislein ridge, overlooking Glenglass. Why lion? I can only assume that from some angle of view it resembles a lion.

FRANK TUANACH'S BURN - F.T. was a Munro, probably a relation of the Finlay Tuanach who had a croft towards the west end of Boath a hundred years ago. This Frank lived in the cottage behind the old Alness school. Properly this was the Culcraggie Burn. It is of interest to note how a personal name can attach to a natural feature, and there were local people who referred to the burn thus about 1900, but I gather that the name has not stuck.

Two names, POLESKY (Poll uisge?) and Lochaber, which appear more than once in records of early last century, seem to have reference to the same stream, but cannot now be accurately placed.

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Further information on Place Names of Kiltarn (Ferindonald)

This extract was taken, with the permission of the Trustees, from Prof. W. J. Watson's - Place Names of Ross and Cromarty (pp 85-92).

KILTEARN.

Kiltearn-Kiltierny 1227, Keltyern 1296; G. Cilltighearn. Usually explained as 'Lord's Kirk', either in the sense of Church dedicated to the Lord, or from some early chief of the Munros having been buried there. As for the first of these explanations, there seems to be no parallel for such a dedication, though we find indeed Gill Chrìosd. As to the second, the burying-place of the family of Fowlis, from the earliest times of which we have any record, was in the Chanonry of Ross, and it is in any case extremely improbable that the church should receive its designation from the burial of a chief. A third theory is a dedication to St Ternan, who is supposed to have been a contemporary and pupil of Palladius. This also is unsatisfactory, for though Ternan's name is preserved in Banchory-Ternan, dedications to him are extremely rare, and, moreover, it is difficult to see how Ternan would suit the phonetics, for the last syllable, '-an' could hardly have been dropped. The most feasible explanation is a dedication to Tighernach, cf. Kiltierny in Ireland with Kiltierny 1227.

The parish includes in its western part the old parish of Lumlair; Lemnalar 1227, Lymnolar and Lumlar 1548; G. Luim na làr luim, locative of lòm, a bare surface; làr is most probably genitive plural of làir, mare; làr, the ground, not being suitable in respect of meaning and gender. Names from the various words for 'horse' - each, capull, marc- are very common, arising from the old practice of keeping the horses on a pasture by themselves; cf. Glenmark, Glenmarkie, Ardincaple, Kincaple, Caplich, Dalneich. The church of Lumlair, according to the Old Statistical Account dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in modern times known as St Mary's Chapel, stood at Lumlair near the sea-shore. The site referred to is close by the roadside, about two and a-half miles east of Dingwall. The foundations of the chapel are still visible, with an ancient and now disused burying-ground, called Cladh ma-Bhrì (Kilmabryd, Blaeu). This burying-ground is doubtless called after the saint to whom the chapel was dedicated, and who, moreover, from the above well-known modern Gaelic form of the name, could not have been Mary. Blaeu's Kilmabryd suggests Bridget, but her name in Gaelic is always Brìd, never Brì. The only name that satisfies the phonetics is Brìg, later Brìgh. There were at least two Irish female saints so called.

Fowlis - G. Fólais (narrow o); cf. Allt Fólais in Gairloch (Loch Maree), Foulis in Aberdeen (G. Fólais), Fowlis in Perth, Fowlis in Forfar. The oldest forms of all are similar to the modern. The phonetics indicate a lost 'g' or 'd' before 'l', which suggests fo-glais, foghlais, from fo, under, and O.G. glas, water, 'Sub-water', or 'Streamlet'; cf. for, meaning Welsh 'goffrwd', streamlet, the philological G. equivalent of which is 'fo-sruth'. (For the phonetic process involved, cf: 'foghnadh', sufficiency, from O. Ir. fognam.) A small burn, Allt Fólais, runs through the Glen of Fowlis, and there are burns near all the other places of the same name.

Drummond - G. Druimein, locative of drum, ridge; cf: Drymen, in Stirling.

Balconie - Balkenny 1333 and 1341; (see note 1) G. Bailnidh, based on baile, strong; Welsh balch, proud; for the extensions of the root cf. Delny. The Gaelic form is decisive against baile, a town or stead, and compels me regretfully to give up a former identification (by myself) of Balkenny of 1333 with Petkenny of 1281 (see note 2 ) The traditional explanation is Baile Còmhnuidh, dwelling place, to wit, of the Earls of Ross; but the meaning cannot be other than 'the strong place'.

Teanord- G. Tigh 'n ùird, Ord-house.

Katewell - Catoll 1479; Keatoll 1608; G. Ciadail; Norse kvi, fold; dalr, dale; cf. kvia-bolr, milking place; kvia-bekkr, fold-beck.

Swordale - Sweredull 1479; G. Suardal; Norse svöror, sward; dalr, dale.

Note 1. Charters granted at Balkenny by Hugh, Earl of Ross, and by William, Earl of

Note 2. In 1281 William, Earl of Ross, granted a quarter of land, which was called Petkenny, to the Bishop of Moray. Petkenny cannot be located.

Balachladich - Shore- town.

Ardullie - G. Aird-ilidh; the latter part may represent 'ileach,' variegated, in which sense may be compared the uses of breac, riabhach, ballach, blàr; 'speckled height'. Dilinn, as in leac dhilinn, natural rock, will not suit, as the i of Aird-ilidh is short.

Pelaig - Pellock 1583; G. Peallaig. Rob Donn uses 'peallag' in the sense of 'rough garment' - dimin. of 'peall', hairy skin, borrowed from Latin pellis, hide. But the meaning is not satisfactory as a place-name, and the word may be non-Gaelic - as is indeed suggested by the initial 'p'. 'Peallaidh' is a Pictish river-name, seen in Obair-pheallaidh, Aberfeldy. Peallaidh is used in Lewis as the name of a water-sprite. (Cf. German quell, a spring.)

Clachan Biorach - 'Pointed' or 'standing' stones they consist of two equal ovals joined to each other, and are described minutely by the late Mr Roderick Maclean in his "Notes on the Parish of Kiltarn" (Gaelic Society Transactions XV). North of the Clachan Biorach is Cnoc an Teampuill, Temple Hill. There are also Clachan Biorach at the head of Clare.

Fluchlady - Fliuch leathad, wet hillside, with -aidh ending.

Bogandurie - Bogginduiry 1696; G. Bog an dùbh- raidh, gloomy bog.

Culbin-Back of the hill.

Octobeg - G. An t-ochdamh beag, the small octave, i.e., eighth part of a davach; cf. Ocho, Kincardine.

Cnoc Vabin - G. Cnoc Mhàbairn, a name showing the good Celtic termination -ernos, but otherwise obscure; perhaps a personal name.

Fuaranbuy - Yellow-well.

Strongarve - Rough nose or point.

Skiach (water) - Scraiskeith 1479; G. Allt na sgitheach; O. Ir. sce, G. sgeach, hawthorn; a common element in names; cf. Altnaskiach, near Inverness.

Culnaskiach - Culnaskeath 1546; nook of the Skiach, or of the hawthorn.

Teachatt (so, 1608) - G. Tigh-chait, Cat-house; cf. Cadboll.

Knockancuirn - Cnocan, dimin. of cnoc; caorunn - rowan.

Rhidorach - Ruigh, slope; dorach, dark; dark slope.

Clare - Clearmoir 1608; G. An Clàr; but also, anns na Clàr; clàr, board, hence a fiat place. But cf. Poll na' alar in Alness.

Gortan - G. Goirtean, small field of corn

Knockantoul - Barn-hill.

Druim - Ridge.

Achleach - Achlich 1608; Achleich 1633; G. Achleitheich, locative of "ach-leitheach" half-field, i.e. field on a hill side. A cold sunless place.

Sgorr a' Chléi' - Creel peak; an exceedingly steep piece of land, where, according to tradition, manure, etc., had to be carried in creels.

Gleann and Meall na Speireig - Glen and Hill of the Sparrow-hawk - 'speireag'.

An Socach - The Snouted Hill; a spur of Wyvis.

Cabar Fuais-The Antler of Wyvis.

Allt nan Caorach - Altnagerrack 1608; sheep-burn; its precipitous sides are dangerous for sheep.

Loch Glass and Glen Glass - O.G. glas, water; cf. R. Glass in Strathglass; Douglas Water, where Eng. 'water' is a translation of 'glas'; Glenfin- glas (fionn-glas. white-water). Findglais and Dubglas appear in a list of 'healing waters' in

Ireland (O'Curry, M. and C. III. 97). Dub glas (Blackwater) is somewhat disguised in Inveruglas (L. Lomond). The river flowing through Glenglass is called in its lower reaches, where it passes through the famous chasm of the Black Rock, the Allt-grannda, Ugly Burn. The old name, at least of the upper part, must have been Glass. The river flowing into Loch Glass is now known as

Abhainn nan èun, Bird-river (O.S.M.)

Corrievachie - G. Coire-bhacaidh, an old locative of Coire-bhacach, bent corry.

Cuilishie - G. Caolaisidh, the narrows. "The narrow passage at the lower end of Loch Glass. Here is the ford of the old drove road that passed that way." - Mr R.

Maclean. cf. Lienassie.

Kinloch - At the eastern end of Loch Glass.

Eileanach - Place of islands; it lies low by the river side, and is liable to be flooded.

Allt na Cailce - Chalk Burn; on its right bank is considerable deposit of lime, which is constantly added to by a tiny rivulet.

Cnoc a' Mhargadaidh - Market Hill. There is a tradition of a market, which is probably correct, in view of the nearness of the old drove road from Sutherland. Certain enclosures near the foot of the hill may be explained as connected with this market, or they may be very much older. There are numerous small cairns and some fine hut circles. There are traces of a road leading to the top, and on the top is black earth with charcoal fragments. At least one flint has been found on the top.

Coneas - The remarkable double waterfall below Eileanach. Con, together; eas, waterfall: 'combination of falls'; cf. Conachreig, Contullich, Contin, Conval, Conchra, Conglas, Conaglen.

Clyne - Clon 1231, Clonys, 1264, Clyne 1350-1372 ; G. an Claon. the slope; now Mountgerald. 'Amadan a' Chlaoín' (the Fool of Clyne) was a well-known character in the earlier half of the 19th century.

Kilchoan - Church of St. Congan, now Mountrich.

Loch nan Ambaichean-Loch of the Necks; Loch Gobhlach (O.S.M. Loch nan Gobhlag) , Forked Loch; Loch Coire Feuchain (?); Feur Lochan, Grassy Lochlet; Loch Bealach nan Cuilean; Loch na' Druidean (O.S.M. Lochan Driogan) , Loch of the Starlings: Loch Mhiosaraidh (O.S.M. Loch Measach), Loch of dairy produce, are all in the uplands of the parish.

Allt Dubhag - The small black burn.

Ath a' bhealaich eidheannaich - Ford of the ivy- pass.

Balnacrae - G. baile na crè, cf. Jay-town.

Culcairn - G. Cul-chàirn, behind the cairn; the cairn exists no longer.

Dun-ruadh - Red fort.

Teandallan - Explained by Mr Maclean as "house of swingle-trees or plough-yokes". "A carpenter lived here, who made a trade of them." Dallan also means a winnowing-fan.

Altnalait - G. allt na làthaid, burn of the miry place; near Tulloch, and at the western boundary of Kiltearn. Based on root of làthach, mire, with ending seen in Bialid, &c.

Modern names are:

Evanton - G. Bail' Eoghainn, or am bail' ùr, New- town, as opposed to the old village of Drummond on the west side of the river. Evanton dates from about 1800.

Fannyfield - Part of Swordale; formerly am Bogriabhach, brindled bog. Mountgerald, formerly Clyne, so called, says Mr Maclean, by a Mackenzie who owned the place about the middle of the 18th century, in honour of the supposed Fitzgerald descent of the Mackenzies.

Obsolete are: Arbisak, 1608, and Badnagarne - a pertinent of Keatoll.